

# THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL;

A WEEKLY RECORD OF PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, AND  
POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF SUBSCRIBERS, THE WEEKLY NUMBERS ARE ISSUED IN MONTHLY PARTS, STITCHED IN A WRAPPER, AND WILL BE FORWARDED WITH  
THE MAGAZINES. SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS AGENTS, AND AT THE OFFICE, NO. 12, WELLINGTON STREET, NORTH.

No. 25. VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1847.

[PRICE, 3d.  
STAMPED, 4d

## CONTENTS.

### ON EXHIBITION RESPONSIBILITY.

#### ENGLISH AND FOREIGN SINGERS.

#### MANAGERIAL SENSITIVENESS.

#### ARCHITECTURE OF THEATRES ANCIENT AND MODERN.

#### FINE ARTS:—

Exhibition of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours.

Decorative Art Society.

Professor Willis's Lecture on Ecclesiastical Architecture.

Venus Attiring.

Society of Arts.

New System of Architecture, No. 11.

#### THE DRAMA.

French Plays.

Adelphi Theatre.

#### THE DRAMA OUT OF TOWN.

#### MUSIC.

Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

Concerts, &c.

#### REVIEWS.

The Italian Captain.

The Life and Adventures of Zamba.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### MISCELLANEOUS, &c.

### ON EXHIBITION RESPONSIBILITY.

THE year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Forty-seven will be remembered, for a long period, as a remarkable epoch of the commencement of a continuous series of struggle between the artist or real doer of the work (no matter what it may be, so that it requires high class intelligence, and extreme energy for its accomplishments) and the capitalist or broker, who has, for so long a period, assumed to be the medium through which the public reward should be indirectly conferred upon those who are, as they ought to be, the direct recipients of public approbation. To some, the topic that has now substituted every other in public attention, as connected with the disputes between Mr. Lumley, of the Haymarket Italian Opera, and the mysterious combination that may be supposed to influence the proceedings of the Covent Garden schism, may seem to be a matter that has only to do with the individual causes that have been assigned by the parties. This is, however, a mistake. The present effort, whether likely or not to be successful (a question that only time will solve, in spite of confidence of assertion anywhere), will but be the prologue to the advent of a new system. Its grand source of impulse is progress. Those who flatter themselves with the notion that they are the prime movers and originators of the revolution are, after all, but the accidentally selected instruments for essaying an experiment,—all the utility of which, whether they gain or lose in the transaction, the great cause, progress, will register to its own particular advantage. The dominating modulation that has prepared this dissonance is, that the time has arrived in which individual talent has belief in its own strength; and has obtained the confidence to combat, with

hope of success, against capitalist control. This has inspired the musical artists, vocal and instrumental, with the daring to brave the frowns of their former dictators. They have relied, perhaps too confidently, upon public favour; they have felt that the nation itself was their high court of appeal; and they have thought, that while their favour with management was only a consequence of favour with the public, but it imposed upon them an additional task, for the accomplishing of which they had to pay rather than to receive. They thought this, whether or not upon sufficient grounds, time, as we said before, "shall fructify." The doers, however, let it be noted, make use of, and are not used by the capitalist on this occasion. There is a saying, that when some bodies falling out, some other bodies come to their own: so, in this experiment, the capitalists, made rich by the accumulation of the difference of price between the producer and consumer, are doing the work of the artist at their own expense, and paying them magnificently for permission to fight their battles. Whoever may be the victor in the dispute, succeeding speculators will have before them a wholesome warning of the risk attending the infringement of those bounds that circumstance and progress are rendering every year more definite.

Among the producers of painted and sculptured art there is also observable the same tendency to throw off intervention and act for themselves. The Royal Scotch Academy has sent to Hades, the so-called "Royal Institution for the support of the Fine Arts," after finding that the intention of the Institution was to make the artist support the arts by his labour, reserving to itself the disposal of the proceeds thereof, and most liberally volunteering to release him from any inconvenience connected with the disbursement of any of the funds so realised. But the Scotch Academy have not been unthinking spectators of the signs of the times. They have noticed the progress of public feeling; and they have decided that they can at length appeal at once to public appreciation, without the intervention of the Royal Institution. They have also arrived at the conclusion, that while they do, in reality, support themselves, they may as well have the credit of independence; and that the support of the Royal Institution, in return for its attention to their funds, is paying more than the worth to them of the assistance so purchased. The *élite* of the French artists are in some similarity of hostility with the authorities of the Louvre. They have arrived at the ability to repudiate state assistance, and they also determine upon an appeal directly to the public. What does this intimate? but that a general impulse is spreading that has been received directly from the same source—progress.

The artists in London, although their appeals to

a higher tribunal have had already repeated precedents to refer to, are also in something like a revolution at the present moment. Besides the usual exhibition of the Royal Academy, the Society of British Artists, the British Institution, the Old Water Colour, the New Water Colour, that comical exposure at the Chinese Gallery, and the expected wonders at Westminster Hall; a certain body of artists, dissatisfied with the opportunities afforded to them by the already existing galleries, have determined to establish another upon an entirely new principle. This association of artists starts upon what it states to be two fundamental points; first, "to secure every exhibiting artist a good situation for his work, and, therefore, an equal chance for the sale of his productions; and, secondly, to secure to the public in general an opportunity of seeing works of art, *free of cost*." To some this may seem nothing more than an indication of a desire on the part of artists to sell their works. It is, however, something more. It is an indication of reliance upon public support; and that reliance must be referred to its source in the observed progress of public opinion in regard to things artistic. This is not, however, all the indications of that reliance that present themselves to us at the present period. The lessee of the Adelaide Gallery offers the walls of his tenement as a *pis aller* to every artist whose pictures may have been refused at any other exhibition. This of course is not a gratis exhibition, for as the lessee does not charge for hanging pictures, his hope of remuneration must arise from the expectation of monies to be received at the doors for the admission of the public.

We have no individual objection to any one of these speculations. It is open to any artist or any man who believes himself to be an artist, to exhibit to the public his own works; and he may also do this either with or without a charge. If there is a charge made, and the exhibition is not worth seeing, the amount of mischief is so trifling, and so little likely to continue, that it is not worthy of our animadversion as a generality; for the imposture cannot remain long undiscovered, and consequently unexposed. If the exhibition, on the contrary, is at the same time attractive and gratuitous, there is none with any right to complain; for the exhibitors are only responsible to themselves for their own loss, in the advantage they have given up. An exhibition of pictures is not like a manufactured article. If any one undertook to give away broadcloth, or silk stockings, it is quite certain that other dealers in that article might shut up their shops. But if every exhibition of paintings but one were made gratis to-morrow, we believe that that one would immediately show a considerable increase of income. The appetite for looking at works of art is one of those that increases by feeding; and we

do not doubt that a gratis exhibition will rather serve as a whet or sharpener of that appetite, than as a satisfaction or a surfeit. The very opposite principles upon which these apparent revolutions of the artistic world are established, prove the oneness of their impulse. It is a reliance upon public feeling. The Scotch Academy asserts, and as we think wisely asserts, that "an exhibition of the works of living artists is as fair and honourable a source of professional emolument as the price received for pictures; and many eminent artists have drawn large sums from the exhibition of their own works. The profession of an artist is not so lucrative as to make it reasonable that the gains derivable from such a source should be wholly applied to public objects." The "Association to Promote the Free Exhibition of Modern Art," on the contrary, think that art itself, and consequently artists, may be eventually advantaged by educating the public eye, and throwing pictures in the paths of those who would not turn out of their way to look at them. Both Societies have the advantage of art and artist for their intention, but differ in their opinions of the means. We know no law that should prohibit any Society from thinking either one way or another; neither do we see any injury that can be done to any other Society by their acting upon such a conviction. We therefore look upon the proposed free exhibition in exactly the same light as any other exhibition; shall judge of the works it may contain according to our true opinion of their individual merits; and, whatever the result of the experiment may be, approve of their arrangements according to the honesty with which their proposals may be carried out.

There is no doubt that this new Society is liable to the same objections that have attached themselves to all the others; the applicants may be greater than the space they have been enabled to engage will accommodate. Indeed, if the experiment is successful, this will certainly be the case; but as there is no boundary set down to the number of their members, as they grow in contributions, they must grow in space. Again, as there is no other privilege in this Society than that of first come first served; in common with every other exhibition, better pictures may be turned away than those hung up. In this, however, the Society will not incur blame; the right to hang is a purchased right, and the late applicant will have none to censure but himself. The exhibitor will purchase so much of space on a wall as will be sufficient for his widest picture; and, after he has arranged his own works to his satisfaction, the remaining space above or below is liable to be sub-let, by arrangement under the superintendence of the committee, to any other artist that may choose to fill it up, the payment received for such privilege being subtracted from the amount charged to the member whose picture was first hung up: he being otherwise responsible for the width of the space he occupies from floor to ceiling. The choice of its situation to be decided by ballot among the subscribers that first engage the horizontal space. This experiment must not be supposed to mean any more than that there is a confidence among artists in public support, and that they believe the present extent of accommodation to be insufficient for the necessities of the time.

For ourselves, we would rather that the Royal Academy had sufficient disposable square feet upon their walls to hang every picture presented; and we are quite sure that one exhibition would

be sufficient. For if every picture could be seen by the public, such a thing as favouritism could not go on with impunity. The artist who had been ill-used would have the public with him, while he who complained without reason would be treated with contempt. The evidence in each case would be in open court.

The proposal emanating from the lessee of the Adelaide Gallery is, however, something very distinct from that of the association last mentioned. This is clearly a speculation attempted by an individual entirely unconnected with art. We do not know the party at all, and must be understood, in our reference to this proposal, to speak of John O'Nokes or Jack O'Styles, rather than of any particular individual. The necessary question to be asked by an artist before entrusting his property to the superintendence of any person who is to him unknown, should be, what is the amount of guarantee offered? First, That the pictures shall be hung according to their merit; that the sale shall be conducted *bona fide*; that there shall be no patronage or favouritism; no recommendation of particular pictures to purchasers. All these responsibilities are not easily comprehended by persons to whom the superintendence of an exhibition is a novelty; and they are not always attended to by those who are familiar with such duties. Artists should also inquire whether their works are simply to make part of an exhibition of pictures; or whether Poses Plastiques, Banjo Players, or Tom Thumbs are to be the principal attractions to which pictures are only to be the accessories. This is a serious question, that requires a most satisfactory reply; for art would be degraded by such an association, on the one hand; and, on the other, if the exhibition is not profitable, there is no security that it will be continued even to the end of the term proposed. This must be taken largely into consideration; for although it may be true that many much better pictures may be refused at other exhibitions than many that are there received; yet a gallery of refused works, as this professes itself to be, does not promise so much certainty of success as to banish a failure beyond the pale of calculation.

We need not refer to the Adelaide Gallery as being at present little calculated for the display of pictures. This artists will be enabled to judge of themselves, without inquiring. On the same side, the spectator would be too close to view anything but miniatures; on the opposite side, unless the paintings were very large indeed, there would be little observable beyond general effects. Thus, in most instances, there would be an impossibility to hang a picture at all advantageously; and even the Octagon room, at the Royal Academy, would present situations superior to any the Adelaide Gallery has to offer. But, supposing that artists would put up with this, and, rather than not be exhibited at all, would allow their works to hang in these situations, we would gladly see every work produced to the public that has been sent in and refused anywhere. It would be satisfactory to know exactly the amount of wrong committed. That there is wrong done somewhere, the picture of the "Invalid," now exhibiting at Suffolk-street, after its refusal at the British Institution, according to our correspondent of last week, is in itself abundant evidence. This is a picture of that class that no amount of ignorance in art could excuse the superintending directors from the accusation of corrupt intention or extreme negligence. This is not the only instance that has been men-

tioned to us as occurring in the British Institution. Who are the parties blameable we cannot take upon us to state; but that matters are not there conducted in a manner that is best adapted for the promotion of art, or the interest of artists, is a truth, we believe, that there are few will venture to throw a doubt upon. Let the directors of the British Institution read the following clause in the Regulations of the Free Exhibition:—

"The attendant in the room is desired not to draw attention to any particular work; or remark upon works in the exhibition; but to confine himself to affording information respecting price, &c. Any infringement of this rule will subject the party to dismissal."

On reading this clause, and well considering its usefulness, let the directors of the British Institution then inquire what is the usage in the gallery under their nominality of superintendence? Superintendence, we know, is not the right word. We know there are names among the directors belonging to gentlemen who interfere but little in its conduct. Such persons think they do much for art by lending their names to such an institution as that pretends to be. But we would rather see names of less consequence, that did really superintend, that did really interfere, and that were really responsible for proper conduct, than so long a list of mere names, that, as far as attendance or supervision is concerned, represent absolutely nothing at all. There is more wrong done under the guarantee of influential titles than the parties who do it would dare to attempt were there single realities left to their own intrinsic and unaided respectabilities. There is no incognito so safe from attack as that of number, in which a mutuality of responsibility shelters the individual ill-doer. The voice from a crowd is loud and hardy in proportion to the chances against detecting the speaker.

Formerly, although refusal to hang a deserving work, in an exhibition that proposed to open its doors to strangers, was a wrong committed, it did not involve so direct an appearance of knavish transfer as it does at present. The Art Union has mingled so much of pounds, shillings, and pence with the article reputation, that we should not be surprised in a few years if an action were brought upon a very strong case of unjust exclusion, and a verdict of damages obtained. We do not see why an artist's property should not be defended by legal enactment as well as any other; and it is probable that if directors were now and then mulcted in a round sum for the knavery or negligence of those to whom they entrust the performance of duties, for the due execution of which their names are responsible, they would at least think it worth while to inquire how they are performed, and perhaps now and then listen to complaints.

The responsibilities of hanging committees cannot be very onerous, for they are of their own making, and they are undertaken voluntarily. It is only necessary, in the fulfilment of their duties, that the letter of their own regulations should be attended to. The contributor to the Royal Academy Exhibition knows that the Academicians themselves have these certain privileges. He sends his pictures fully aware of these privileges; and he has no just grounds of complaint that their claim to these privileges has not been waived in his favour. But there are no others that have such right; and the claim of exhibitors to situation, as far as may be, according to the excellence of their works, is as fully understood as is the pri-



vilege of the Academician. Hanging pictures by any other system is a wrong to the individual painter, to the public, and to art itself. So, with respect to the British artists. They charge a certain sum for the privilege of exhibiting in the rooms, when applied to by non-members. The prudence of this charge may be disputed; but there can be no question as to right. The gallery is their own; for the subscriptions they have received were not a condition of divestment of their characters as proprietors, and if they choose they have the same right to charge an individual for his picture, as to charge a single speculator for the use of their room. The clause is in their bond. The members also have a right to hang up as many pictures as they can paint, and to choose their places before any stranger's picture may be allowed a space. These privileges are clearly understood, and there is no just cause of complaint that the members are tenacious in their possession. But corruption commences where the members cease to perform what they are understood to undertake, the duty of hanging all pictures by non-members in the best places left, proportionate to their degrees of merit. This is not done in Suffolk-street. We see the vilest trash hanging in good situations in the water-colour room; daubs that are ridiculous in a gallery of art, and calculated to bring discredit upon every thing that accompany them. But they are the productions of relations of the members; and they receive a prominence that proclaim to every one, that favouritism is one of the principal qualities of pictures that are taken into consideration in Suffolk-street Gallery. This must be looked to on another occasion. The use of these exhibitions to the public is to show the progress of art in its best specimens. We do not want to be informed that it is quite possible for the wives or daughters of very clever painters to make pictures inferior to third-rate amateurs. This the public would be able to suppose, without such glaring evidence of the fact being thrust upon them.

The Water Colour Galleries have no responsibility either towards artists, or towards the public. They are simply exhibitors of their own works, and if it may be said of some, that they are excessively prolific; until we know that industry is a crime, we shall abstain from any animadversion on that account. There is, however, a wholesome competition going on between these two Galleries, and they are each impelled to active liberality by the excellence of the other. We do not find upon their walls any glaring evidence either of negligence or bad taste in hanging, and in so far the public, of which we consider ourselves a portion, cannot be otherwise than satisfied.

The British Institution is an anomaly among exhibitions. It has no privileged members, and seems to repudiate responsibility of any sort. Its hanging committee is a mystery; and the fitness of those that undertake the task, if we judge by the arrangement on their wall, is a matter subject to much of doubt. We have heard many complaints against this institution, and many grave charges have been reported to us. We only wait an opportunity for their sufficient verification, to bring them at once before the public, and so giving the individuals to whom their commission is attributed an opportunity of public reply. In the mean time we advise them to set their house in order. The encroacher progress is at work; and even the dignitaries of the British Institution will find their consequen-

tialities to be as dust, before the whirlwind of reproach that any substantial proof of flagrant dereliction from the duties they have voluntarily undertaken, will let loose upon them.

H. C. M.

#### ENGLISH AND FOREIGN SINGERS.

DURING the publication of the articles on English Singers, we were assailed more than once by correspondents complaining that our observations were harsh,—the reason given being, that in no one instance had we ever risen beyond very ordinary praise; and in most cases, even this had been withheld; no credit being allowed even to those singers who were publicly approved of. We are willing to concede that there is some truth in these remarks; our praise was certainly very lukewarm; and in most cases we allow there was more blame than praise. It was our intention to have replied to the correspondence at that time; but considering that argument, merely, seldom carries conviction, we deferred our justification until a comparison could be practically made between English and foreign singers; as we then felt sure that we could take a firm stand, and prove the truth of our observations by appealing to a standard which it was in every body's power to witness.

Having made the concession that our remarks on English singers were strong, we do so only because from our experience of foreign excellence, we had, perhaps, raised a too high standard to judge by. With the splendid specimens of real art that Italy and Germany had brought before us, we may have demanded from English singers more than their friends, (so we suppose them to be,) our correspondents, considered we ought to have done. Be it so; the fault, if there be one, was that we judged by a standard too high for English artists; but we must distinctly deny that our standard is wrong for the art itself.

The gifts of nature are pretty equally distributed throughout the different countries of the world. The possession of any very extraordinary power, either physical or mental, being the exception not the rule; we may, therefore, assume that, as far as mere voice is concerned, the inhabitants of our favoured isle are not a whit behind those of other lands. We have among us, nay, even among those singers upon whom we have commented as artists, as fine specimens of voice as can be, or has been produced in any other part of the world. The capability of the organ is precisely the same in London as at Naples—in Paris as at Berlin or Vienna. To what, then, must we attribute the startling difference, the unfathomable gulph, that yawns before us, when we contemplate an operatic performance at Covent Garden, and at Drury Lane? These theatres, which erst have stood the contest in honourable dramatic rivalry, now one with a point in its favour, and anon victory crowning the efforts of the other. Now that the scene has changed, and music is the subject upon which the judgment is to be given, we find ourselves, in the area of Covent Garden theatre, transported to the seventh heaven of delight. We go to Drury Lane, and hear—we leave our readers to fill up the sentence, we were about to insert, a phrase but never mind. A Raphael or Michael Angelo to a Baptism competition picture!

It cannot in any way be answered, that the science of vocal music is not understood in this country as it is abroad. This we distinctly deny. If

asked for a proof, it is at hand, in the mere fact that no one English singer who has ever travelled to Italy or anywhere else, for the express purpose of study, has ever returned improved. We do not ourselves invent this assertion: it is a fact granted by every one. It cannot therefore be said that continental musical education is better than the ordinary one now obtained in this country; for if the education were in reality so superior, it must appear in the improvement, in some of the instances, of those who have gone expressly to take advantage of it. If any proof is wanting to show that great excellence in vocal music is not understood in this country, it is in the curious circumstance that almost all foreign singers improve from a visit. It seems anomalous that our singers go abroad and do not return improved, and that foreign singers come to this country and are materially the better. It would argue, not that the vocal science was in a worse condition, but that it was actually in a higher degree understood. We merely state facts. Not only is this the assertion of private opinion, but the public press are every day uttering the same thing.

To what then are we to attribute the total absence of first-rate singers in this country. The question, like many others, is easier asked than answered; although there can be no doubt that the want of continued study is the principal reason. Year by year, or at distant intervals of time, we find those who visit our shores improved. Each time we hear them, there is a something evidently showing that the intermediate time has not been unemployed; but, on the contrary, that every advantage has been taken of it. We need but point to Persiani, Grisi, Castellan, Mario, Salvi, Colletti, Staudigl, Fischek; in fact, almost all the great singers of the day. We turn to our own artists, and is there to be found any one who can conscientiously say that any improvement has taken place since they were last heard; rather can we not distinctly trace in many cases, some change for the worse, some falling off even of the powers exhibited on former occasions; or, if there should be an exception, it alas only proves the rule.

It is our wish and intention only to state facts; and these, we think, form the sufficient groundwork upon which our observations on the English singers were based; and although these observations may, at the time, have appeared strong, when considered apart from those remarks made above, by which we confess ourselves to have been influenced; the mere statement we hope may be acknowledged as our self-justification. We may have raised within ourselves a standard too high, by which our singers are to be judged; but we distinctly again deny, that the standard by which we would measure the art, is at all more elevated than it ought to be.

It is clear there can be nothing in the constitution of the English, to prevent the attainment of greater excellence. In other arts we have had, and still have names of which we are justly proud. Nay, in music, that is, in the instrumental branch of it, we have some of whom we may boast. But when we speak of vocalists, with every disposition, towards the partiality that nationality gives, we look around and find a blank. Were we to search the Dictionary through for a term, which could be applied to the vocal art, as at present it exists in this country, the word most suitable would be the very equivocal one—respectable. Ours are all respectable singers. A melancholy reflection! a lamentable acknowledgment!

Several, at the first outset, have given indication of being able to reach a point not yet attained. We have fondly been led away by the wish; anticipation has, perhaps, taken too sure an expression. In some cases we have been already disappointed; in others there seems but little hope of realizing even a small amount of that excellence looked for. To what to attribute this state of things, it is difficult to say. We have shown it cannot be laid to the charge of defective vocal education in this country. Neither is there anything peculiar in the organization or disposition. The faculty for excellence exists, if we may use the term,—unhappily its development its wanting. We have, on former occasions, attempted to show the probable causes; and, perhaps, at some future time, may recur to the subject. What we have said on this occasion has only been advanced for our own justification. We could not rest under an imputation, and only waited the proper time to prove satisfactorily the truth of our remarks.

We have thus shown that we have had no other object than to raise the standard of the art. It would be more gratifying to us to be able to point to some amongst ourselves, who might bear to be placed in competition with those eminent foreign vocalists, who have visited this country; it would be more satisfactory to show, that we could compel attention to our opera performances, and not be obliged to confess, that in a great measure, the success, as far as the public is concerned, is merely negative. It is far better to avow at once, that our most complete opera company, so far from assisting the efforts of a composer, hangs like a dray chain round him, and is but just sufficient to save, not to uphold. The self-complacency of our vocalists will, perhaps, suffer a little ruffling. We may, perhaps, by such plain speaking, wound the self-satisfaction of some fair soprano, some sighing tenor, or gruff bass. We care not. Our object is to raise the standard of vocal art among our native artists; and, since other means seems to have failed, perhaps placing them in juxtaposition with the splendid specimens of foreign talent, with which, owing to the rivalry between the two Italian Operas, we now abound, we may put them to the blush, and make them feel, after all, that in fact, they are listened to upon sufferance.

C. J.

#### MANAGERIAL SENSITIVENESS.

DELICACY of epidermis is a remarkable idiosyncrasy of the speculators in talent. The overgrown trader of the Row, that rejoices among all the luxuries the wide earth can furnish, although he has not a spot upon it he may call his own; whose source of riches lies not in the mechanical reproduction of the manufacturer, nor in the still more simple toil of the agriculturist; whose talent is that of dexterity in appropriating to himself the emoluments that arise from the working, not of mines of gold, or silver, or copper, but of the human brain; who possesses that brutality of intelligence that succeeds in making serfs of all those that are refined, profound, or imaginative: He that puts poetry into a sack; makes up metaphysics into large parcels; stows science into packing-cases; and keeps imaginations in rows upon shelves:—he is far more sensitive to the censure of criticism than is even the true parent of the offspring that has become his own by purchase. That the sensitiveness of authors is positively trifling, we are not

prepared to assert; but that, when measured by the indignation with which a bookseller resents a censure, it is comparatively so, we believe to be beyond dispute. The reason for this seems to be that authors, almost in all cases, on seeing their works in print, look upon them with less of bias than they did when they were in manuscript; that they have already discovered faults themselves; and that their pecuniary interest having been transferred to others, they have begun to look upon their late pet production as the child of somebody else.

The dealer, on the contrary, sees no difference between works but in the price he has paid for them. Every purchase has been made upon an imaginary estimate of a certain amount of profit; and he sees in the critic who condemns the work simply an individual member of a conspiracy to defraud him of the just reward of his speculation. In fact, a man that, for the mere satisfaction of his own spleen, and without a prospect of any ultimate usefulness or advantage to himself, seeks to inflict upon him, the bookseller, some considerable pecuniary loss; for a speculator of this description considers any amount that he does not succeed in getting a positive loss incurred upon the transaction. The trader, therefore, to defend himself against this mischief, becomes his own critic, and influences the brains of others to the invention of praise that shall negative the judgment of the unbiassed in the minds of the unskilful. This, however, in literature, is done delicately. The thing must be managed. There must be the same system between the bookseller and his panegyrists, as between the thimble-rigger at a race and his accomplices—they must not seem to know one another. It is a swell-mobbery upon a large scale, carried on with much delicacy, gravity, and apparent refinement. This, however, shows that there is still among the craft a desire to be taken for decent fellows. They do not glory in their shame. The bookseller does not come forward before the public and assert that "his book is the best book ever written, and that the author is a trump." That this is not his habit, arises, no doubt, from his belief that the means would not accomplish its proposed end. It is well for literature that such is, as yet, his opinion, for even the necessity of tact in knavery, is a refinement that may not be despised as matters go on at present.

The manager of a theatre, however, belongs entirely to another class of cattle. He is quite as thin-skinned against reproof, but is at the same time ten times more daring in assertion. When a critic falls foul of a book, he simply disagrees with the bookseller's supposed opinion of its rank as a work, he does not contradict his assertion. But when he publishes his strictures upon an actor, or finds fault, with a dramatic performance, he, in almost every case, denounces the manager as the asserter of an untruth. No matter how early the writer's opinion may have got into print, that the thing is vile and contemptible, he may calculate to a certainty that the types are already bolt upright to proclaim distinctly and loudly that the thing was admirable, and had produced the greatest hit on dramatic record. Every letter may be as big as the critic's individual self. This stares him in the face the next day in blue, and black, and red. The consequence is that the critic and the manager find themselves in a "quarrel on the seventh cause:" there is no *if* your only peacemaker; but the manager's bill is going round the streets, asserting that such is the case, while your critic's

statement is going round the tables asserting that it is not. So many can read fifty-line pica that would have to expose their spectacles to decipher brevier, that the manager has preponderating advantage in the strife; and he implicitly believes that large posting-bills are of much greater utility to the drama than either the pieces or the actors; for managers, be it understood, consider the flourishing state of the drama to lie, not in the degree of excellence in dramatic performance, but in the amount of profits derived by the speculator in the transaction; and a popular greediness for common-place and easily obtained mediocrity would be to them a more decided evidence of increasing dramatic taste, than any longing after refinement that would insist upon intelligence on their own part, and exertion on the part of their company. They believe that the only bar to this so desirable state of things, is the uncalled-for interference of critics in matters with which they have no concern; and, as we before stated, having on all occasions committed themselves in positive announcements, contradiction is considered a personal insult. There are only two methods by which such impertinence is to be met, either by cajolery or by antipathy. A theatrical manager is always a first-rate hater. We have heard of men who had a sort of respectful and affectionate regard for a first-rate hater. The very *beau ideal* of the class is a manager. His antipathies extend to the class of critics, and to his own. The quality is indeed more perfect and unmitigated when extending to his brotherhood; for there are moments when the critic finds favour in his eyes, such moments being when the said critic is denouncing another manager. Though this will, after all, hardly influence the average of its intensity; for when it is the critics cue to praise a rival, there detestation is proportionably increased.

We do not observe that actors are so much offended with our strictures as the speculator in their talent. In fact, to them the condemnation extends only to a portion of the production, while it is entirely condemnatory in the other. Actors are as willing, nay, in most cases, as desirous, to hear honest opinions of themselves as are the artist body. The fulsome flattery that debases the press in their regard is not prepared for the actors so much as for the manager's palate. The individual player is not of consequence enough to bribe or awe the critic into flunkeyism; neither is he desirous of doing, so had he the power. He knows that the position artificially obtained by managerial puffery, never enters into the paid estimate of his own usefulness. That it does, as being the result of managerial contrivance, belong to the managerial revenue. The reputation of an actor is not extended by large posting-bills, for his advantage. His pecuniary arrangements must be made, not with the public, that has been so hoaxed, but with the manager that has contrived the hoax; and the price received for his services, is often in an inverse proportion to the size of his name in the monster placard.

Indeed, we believe, that in almost all cases in which the critic has to blame the actor with severity, the real fault lies with the management. Peculiarity of talent in acting is the very soul of its excellence; and when a manager casts an interesting actress in the character of a court lady, when her sufficiencies are most serviceable in that of a chambermaid, the fault lies with him entirely. He is endeavouring to do what is impossible, and is, at the same time, interposing his imbecility, as



a bar to her progress in the most fitting department for her talent. We observe managers guilty of as great absurdities of this character, as if the commissioners of taste were to insist upon Mr. Turner's painting holy families instead of landscapes. The actor is only responsible for the success of his performance, when used in that line of character for which he is most fitting. Had the public only to be the judges, this fitness would always be consulted. But managers are always endeavouring to do much with a little. They estimate the public judgment as something inferior to their own; and consider that the talent required for conducting a theatre, is not that of perceiving early what would be most welcome, but of discovering how to deceive by substitution; and to make themselves independent of the staunch play-goer, who knows what ought to be, by substituting in his place the occasional visitor, that has too little interest in the matter to interfere.

Managers have been pretty successful in this system; there are few now that make the stage one of their standing enjoyments. The actors, however, have more to do than before; for the performance must be elongated to become attractive to half-price audiences; this being a virtual reduction in charge, without its appearing upon the play-bills; and, moreover, they are paid less if they do not belong to the class of stars; a division among actors, to which managers have taken especial care, that there shall be no addition. There has not been a single actor made for years in London, whose name would draw a house in a country town; and yet, never was the practice of puffing carried to such an extreme as it has been of late. The puffing of large bills, however, has no relationship with any reputation but that of the theatre to which they belong; and it is far more likely to confound a good actor with a mass of mediocrity, than to place him in his due position. This is, in fact, their real intention. They are meant to deceive the public on the one hand, and to keep talent in bondage on the other. The knavery of this intention is the nightmare of managers and their sensitive uncomfortableness is caused by the consciousness of wrong, compelling them to a constant dread of detection.

THE TRUNKMAKER.

#### ARCHITECTURE OF THEATRES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

WHAT has just been done at Covent Garden Theatre, (and without joining in the *outré* laudations of the newspapers and their hyperbolic admiration, we admit that great improvement has been effected there,) suggests the present as a very suitable opportunity for saying something on the subject of that particular class of buildings; one so perfectly *sui generis*, as to be perfectly distinct from every other. Not to detain by a tedious prologue—prologues, on the stage at least, being now gone quite out of fashion—we commence our remarks at once, and the first of them is, that theatres, as at present constituted, are entirely of modern origin. Mediæval theatres there were none; and those of the ancients bore only a very general and remote analogy to our own; the affinity between them extending to no more than similarity of purpose, namely, that of dramatic representation, which purpose is infinitely better accomplished by a modern—nay, even a mere country-barn playhouse, than it possibly could have been by any Greek or Roman theatre. Of course, we shall be thought to speak very irreve-

rentially, when we call the latter mere *make-shifts*; nevertheless, so we do call them, leaving those who feel scandalized at our audacity, to prove, as well as they can, in what way the ancient theatres were at all superior, or rather, not decidedly inferior, to those of us degenerated moderns. We are unable to discover more than one advantage in favour of the former, and we will accordingly show our perfect impartiality by stating it. There was no danger whatever of an audience being alarmed by the cry of fire! No one ever heard of an ancient theatre having suffered the fate of so many modern ones by being burnt down. They were as secure from any such peril as the Athenian Acropolis itself; and were so, for the plain reason that they consisted of nothing more than an unroofed open court filled with stone-benches, rising gradually one above the other, and frequently extracted, or partly so, out of the natural rock, which was taken advantage of on account of its shelving sides, in order to spare the labour of construction. But against the one solitary advantage which we have very candidly admitted, many and great are the disadvantages and inconveniences that stand arrayed. To notice a comparatively minor one, if danger, there was none of fire; there was some of the opposite element—water. The descent of Jupiter Pluvius, in a sudden pelting shower, must have occasionally sadly disturbed the audience, and caused nearly as much confusion and scrambling as the apparition of the same, or we should say, a different Jupiter would have done, if attired in the flaming costume in which he visited the too ambitious Semele. Whenever his Majesty Pluvius popped in, so very unwelcomely and impudently, the audience rose; to show their respect to him? No, not exactly so, but in order to pop out, and shelter themselves from his presence. After his departure, they returned, we are told, to their seats. But to what seats? To stone steps that had just been washed by a shower of rain. Fancy, for a moment, a number of people sitting upon the flights of steps leading from Carlton Place to St. James's Park, when they were in such condition. What an exceedingly comfortable position they would seem to be seated in! The mention of that descent into the park tempts us to say that, except that it is straight, instead of being semi-circular or otherwise curved in plan, it may serve to convey a tolerably good idea of that part of an ancient theatre—we cannot call it the "house"—which was appropriated to the spectators; the chief difference being, that being intended for benches, the steps were considerably steeper. Convenience, however, seems to have been very little consulted in another respect, for they were not of such breadth but that the feet of those sitting upon them, must have incommoded the persons seated in the next row—that is, upon what was pavement or floor to those just behind them. Putting aside such mere inconvenience, there must, we think, have been considerable danger also attending such very classical accommodation; because in case of any disturbance or sudden rising of the spectators, there was great fear of many of them being precipitated,—falling down themselves and dragging down others. Of all the authors who have written upon the theatres of the ancients, Rosenthal is—as far as our reading goes—the only one who has cared to point out the inconveniences and defects which we have just noticed. Classical students, antiquarians, archaeologists, and travellers, shut their eyes to them completely, and lift up both their eyes and their hands in an ecstasy of astonish-

ment at what now presents to the eye little more than either shapeless assemblages of vast stones, or the nearly obliterated vestiges of a former monumental work of the kind. Really, we cannot sympathize with the *grimacier* enthusiasm of such admirers of antiquity for mere antiquity's sake.

One circumstance, which has been fixed upon for admiration, viz., the enormous size of some of the ancient theatres, and many of them were from 400 to 500, or even 600 feet in diameter, appears to us a very questionable merit, one at least that was attended with considerable drawbacks, for some of the spectators must have been much too far off, others as much too near, to see the stage from a tolerably suitable point of view and distance. Besides which, the concentric arrangement of the seats throughout, instead of their being, as in the pit of our theatres, parallel to the stage, must have been in some respects inconvenient, because many of the spectators were placed almost midway the length of the stage, and yet sideways to it.

To pass from minor considerations of this kind, and come to the more important one concerning the stage itself, and the mode of scenic representation, we have most assuredly no cause to envy the ancient theatre for any excellence, either positive or comparative, as far as dramatic *vraisemblance* is concerned. So far from aught approaching to illusion being attained, no more than the rudest and most inartificial sort of make-believe seems to have been aimed at. It was about as primitive and as hieroglyphically conventional as that which used to be employed in those very archaic pictures where kings lie a-bed with crowns on instead of night-caps, and where words are literally vomited forth by the figures upon labels that issue from their mouths. One most material deficiency in the constitution of the theatrical performances of the ancients, was the want of that natural atmosphere of the stage—artificial light, which seems to blend so congenially with the elements of dramatic fiction, and which serve to heighten artistic illusion by preventing a too crude and disagreeable degree of positive reality. Stage performances by daylight are too much akin to wax-work as compared with painting. Instead of coming to the aid of æsthetic illusion, the matter-of-fact truth that is mixed up with it, conflicts with it and weakens it.

The enormous extent of the stage, in one direction at least, namely, that of width from side to side, was not only an inconvenience in itself, but also occasioned several other serious defects. While it rendered anything like modern scenery and its changes utterly impracticable; the actors must have looked diminutive in comparison with the space assigned to them, and must have shown as the *staffage*, or figures in a so-called historical landscape of Claude or Poussin's. The expedient resorted to with the view of correcting in some degree and mitigating such disproportion was not a particularly happy one; on the contrary, it partook largely of the grotesque, and, in some degree, of the ludicrous also. Stage masks, presenting one continual stereotype expression of countenance, completely annihilated, at least, rendered useless, one great talent of a superior *artiste*: that of conveying by a look, infinitely more than the words uttered were capable of doing by themselves; consequently, the actor was reduced to a comparatively passive reciter, the inflections of whose voice, moreover, must have been rather hindered, we conceive, than at all aided by the mouth-piece of his mask, which was intended to increase the force of sound. A Greek actor, we fancy, must, as

Macklin said of Mossop, have bellowed out his speeches like a bull. Equally rude and unartistic were the means employed for enlarging, as far as possible, the stature of the actor, partly by stuffing him out, and partly by stilting him upon a lofty *chaussure*. Hardly need we say that such enlargement of some parts of his person must have occasioned great want of proportion, and mal-proportion in his general figure. His upper limbs could not possibly be extended so as to accord with his nether ones, wherefore the eyes of a people so *elegans formarum spectator* as the Greeks, must, we should think, have been somewhat shocked at uncouth and grotesque shapes that literally travestied the human form and face divine. Hardly could such manner-like figures have exhibited much of either gracefulness or dignity of action and gesture.

However rich in its decorations the *scena* may have been in some of the ancient theatres, it was but a very sorry substitute for our modern scenery which it resembled in name alone; it being in fact nothing more than an architectural *façade*, serving as a back-ground to the stage; therefore a mere plain wall or curtain would have answered the purpose just as well—nay, better, because it would then have been left to the imagination of the spectators to “piece out” and fill up the blankness with their thoughts. The incongruous would have been avoided; and of the incongruous there must frequently have been not a little. A most difficult problem it would be for any artist, to give us a “restoration” of the *scena* of the theatre of Scæurus, as described by Pliny, who surely must have romanced not a little in his account of it. According to him, it was composed of three orders or tiers of columns, making, altogether, three hundred and sixty of them; and was further adorned with *three thousand statues*! Why, Munchausen himself would hardly have ventured so very daring a bouncer. Three thousand statues!—about ten times as many as there will be in Barry’s Palace of Westminster, both inside and out. How they were disposed, unless they were exceedingly small and piled up upon each other’s heads, we are totally unable to conjecture; therefore suspect that Pliny’s account of Scæurus’ *scena* ought to be classed with the legend of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins. In all probability some *little* mistake crept into the manuscripts through the ignorance of transcribers.

To quit the fabulous, we now turn to a very doubtful and disputable point; for we have never seen it clearly made out that the stage was covered in—much less explained in what manner it was, or possibly could be, roofed over; its prodigious width or opening rendering it impracticable to carry beams or trussing across it from side to side. Nevertheless, there seems to have been apparatus of some sort or other over head which would require to be concealed from the spectators. The well-known phrase, “*ex machinâ Deus*,” informs us that the descent of a deity from the clouds used to be a not unfrequent theatrical achievement. How it was effected is not said,—probably the actor was only let down from over the top of the *scena* upon a small car shaped to resemble clouds. Either way—whether the stage was or was not covered-in by a roof—the effect must have been very awkward and inartistic. In the former case, the roof must have thrown more or less of the *scena* and stage into shadow; in the other, the *scena* must have shown as a mere wall or architectural *façade* in the rear of the stage, without

any framing to it at top to enclose the dramatic *tableau vivant* of the performance.

Undoubtedly, the subject is not wholly devoid of interest; but the interest itself is much more of an archaeological than architectural kind; for all the ancient theatres hitherto discovered resemble each other very much—the part allotted to the spectators consisting of nothing more than so many rows of seats; while, even in the best-preserved remains scarcely anything has been discovered that affords positive and decisive information in regard to that especially-important part—the stage itself. In regard to that, all is conjecture; except, that one thing is—to ourselves, at least—an assured certainty; namely, that an ancient theatre was in all points greatly inferior to a modern one. Nevertheless, the superstition and bigotry of pedantry have secured admiration for that *mal à propos* imitation of antiquity. Palladio’s Teatro Olimpico, at Vicenza; and even in our times, his present Majesty of Prussia attempted to revive the Grecian drama at least the performance of it, with its chorus, and other classical appendages. But it would not do: the Berliners voted it very complete in its way—that is, a complete bore; and though the performance itself was tragedy ultra-classical, they held the whole affair to be—as in fact it was—a positive farce. Both in the theatre itself and in the drama, we have, we conceive, greatly improved upon the system of the ancients. Whether, as regards the former, we have yet attained the maximum of improvement, is another question, the discussion of which we must defer for the present.

## THE FINE ARTS.

### EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The exhibition of this society has made a considerable step in advance this season. Although there may not be the same amount of pretension in attempt, there are very many more pictures that have more nearly accomplished the intentions of the artists. Every exhibitor may refer to some specimens, showing that continued endeavours must be responded to by continued progress. We are ourselves most particularly satisfied with the advance made in drawing. Mr. Absolon draws with far more correctness, and with an improved character of form. The same may be asserted of Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Lee. Mr. Wehnert also has found an improved model. Mr. Edward Corbould, although presenting no large production, has succeeded, in some instances, in making very fine pictures; while Mr. Haghe very boldly stakes his artistic reputation upon his one painting, and challenges the entire world to produce its fellow. As for landscape art, we believe that has in water-colour, reached the point beyond which it cannot pass; and to say the Gallery has not fallen off, is the highest encomium that we have the power to bestow. The first picture we noticed was—

No. 3, *Montignosa, near Carrara*; J. H. D’Egville. Small and unpretending; but rich, warm, and powerfully effective; it challenges observation from the manner in which it separates itself from those around.

No. 7, *Calm, Southampton Water*; Thos. S. Robins. As usual with the artist, this is very beautifully painted and the shipping well drawn.

No. 10, *Cavan’s Well*; T. W. Topham. One of Mr. Topham’s bits of Irish character. This is bold and effective in drawing, and the colour not deficient in harmony; but we think Mr. Topham might do great good to his picture, by bestowing more force and depth of colour in his foregrounds, or giving to his backgrounds more of haze or distance. We also perceive a deficiency of form

in the *chiaro oscuro* of this picture, which is, nevertheless, from other excellencies, a very desirable painting.

No. 14, *Sketch on Sea Shore (low water)*, Dover; Fanny Steers. Sketchy—very sketchy certainly; but very true.

No. 17, *Stoke Mill, near Guildford*; The same. Very bold, and, if we may be excused the term, masterly in touch.

No. 22, *La Reine des Fleurs*; F. Rochard. Mr. Rochard would be a great deal more to our satisfaction, and his heads would be a great deal prettier if they were correctly drawn. As far as face is concerned, this picture has less to blame than most of the productions of the artist; but we think it would puzzle him to account satisfactorily for the neck and shoulder, if the pink ribbon were removed.

No. 26, *The Village Green*; Henry Jutsum. Mr. Jutsum has a fine perception of form in composition; and the melody of outline found in this picture is very satisfactory.

No. 29, *Vanity!!!* Alfred H. Taylor. A young girl has discontinued peeling some turnips, to compare her own complexion with a rosebud. We cannot compliment Mr. Taylor on the drawing of this figure. It is weak throughout. The effect of light and shade is, however, successful.

No. 33, *Buildings on the Bridge at Vernon, on the Seine, Normandy*; E. H. Wehnert. A clever picture; not so remarkable for choice of subject as for truth of colour in a rich representation of twilight effect.

No. 38, *Bark at Anchor—Sunset*; John Callow. The water very finely managed. Indeed, the whole picture is beautifully executed.

No. 44, *Prince Charles Edward in the Island of Skye*; John Absolon. The prince is laying asleep on a bed of heather in a Highland hut, watched by Malcolm Macleod. This is among the most remarkable pictures in the exhibition, and does very great credit to the artist. It is well composed, both as to line, colour, and effect of light; and, moreover, the drawing does not call for reproach, although we might pick a hole here and there, if inclined to be unreasonably fastidious. All parts are finished with carefulness; and there is every reason to expect works of greater merit still from so much of fitness for the task, as this picture gives evidence of being already possessed by the artist.

No. 46, *A Rustic Bridge*; J. M. Youngman. Very clever indeed in foreground.

No. 50, *Helvelin, Borrowdale Fells, &c.*; E. Duncan. The foreground of this picture is finely treated; but the distance is hardly equal to what we have been in the habit of expecting from this artist.

No. 55, *La Prigioniera*; Henry Warren. Nicely composed and well coloured; but the drawing stiff. Mr. Warren is too well satisfied with his quality of design. His line of contour is hardy and emphatic in proportion with its incorrectness. He does not seem to doubt that he is right, when that he is wrong is evident to everyone else.

No. 56, *On the Upper Part of the Tal-y-Bont, North Wales*; E. Duncan. The foreground of this picture is beautifully painted; but like the last, the distance is hardly belonging to the same quality of art.

No. 65, *Gleaners Resting*; J. H. Mole. Nice in composition.

No. 69, *Going to the Chase*; G. Dodgson. One of Mr. Dodgson’s very pleasing landscapes of the olden time; full of memories of Buckingham and the “old Courtiers of the King.”

No. 70, *Wreck—Storm clearing off*; John Callow. The sky of the picture has not been understood and is not understandable. The water is beautifully painted.

No. 72, *St. Patrick’s Day—Scene in the West of Ireland*; F. W. Topham. There is a great deal to admire in this picture. The drawing and expression of the heads are full of character. It may, indeed, be said to be too full, reaching almost to the confines of caricature. It is not wonderful that a people with heads like these are difficult



to govern. The depth, generally, from the perception of the brow to the point of philoprogenitiveness behind, is, in every case, enormous. The picture may be accused of deficiency in repose; as being unsuccessful in aerial perspective; and of an absence of consideration as to breadth and the form of light and shadow. With these things attended to, Mr. Topham's other qualities would be found more valuable.

No. 74, *The Worm's Head, Rhos Sili Bay, South Wales*; E. Duncan. Very fine in foreground.

No. 76, *The Green Jacket*; John Absolon. A very beautiful girl with a tambourine, in a woody background; a very nice picture, finely composed, of a high character of form, and fairly correct in design; altogether a most effective painting.

No. 78, *Broadstairs*; Thos. S. Robins. A very clever picture indeed, and possessing far more merit than many others having higher pretensions.

No. 79, *Sweet Summer Time*; G. Dodgson. A sweetly composed landscape, of a plaisance or park-like garden. The figures might have received more attention with much advantage.

No. 80, *Composition*; H. Mapleston. Very broad and powerful in effect.

No. 84, *The Orphans*; William Lee. This is not the best of Mr. Lee's pictures. Something consecutive has crept into the composition. The colour is nevertheless good in parts.

No. 87, *Sunday Morning*; John Absolon. A remarkably fine specimen. Well drawn; beautiful in colour; full of thoroughly English characters; excellently grouped, and altogether admirably painted. This is one of the gems of the exhibition.

No. 91, *Devotion*; Alfred H. Taylor. The drawing of this is very unsatisfactory.

No. 94, *In Dartmouth Castle—A relic of the time of Queen Elizabeth*; W. Collingwood. Simply a portrait of a cannon, but every part so well composed, and the general treatment so broad, so true, and so effective, that the picture assumes a higher consequence than its subject appears to deserve.

No. 100, *Hop Gathering*; C. H. Weigall. This is among the largest pictures in the Gallery, and contains many figures of men, women, children, and animals; but crowding figures together, without intention, is not composition. The whole wants form of light, and separation that will mark distance with perspective truth. The old man in the front is too small for the figure in the middle distance; and the effect of colour is rather gaudy than harmonious.

No. 101, *Evening*; H. Mapleston. Very clever, and full of individuality of style, without subservience to mannerism.

No. 106, *Roses*; Mrs. Margetts. Most powerfully and truly painted; the flowers projecting into such reality of relief, as almost to deceive the spectator.

No. 107, *Parental Love*; William Lee. A female with a child sitting at her feet. This picture seems unfinished. The contour of the child's face is hard for flesh, and gives to it a cut-out appearance. The model too is not sufficiently select. These faults are, however, not yet beyond remedy.

No. 112, *Rio dei Miracoli, Venice*; C. Vacher. This artist is rich this year in very beautiful pictures, having great originality of excellence.

No. 115, *Cromwell reproved by his Daughter*; S. Hicks. The expression of Mrs. Claypole is very beautiful, while the effect of light is broad, and very attractive. Cromwell is, however, not so successful, and there is a want of attempt at texture, both in his flesh and drapery.

No. 120, *A Study*; Sarah Setchell. Very clever.

No. 128, *The Meeting of Jacob and Rachel*; H. P. Riviere. There is an improvement in Mr. Riviere's drawing this year; but his *beau idéal* wants revision. The legs of Jacob are extravagant, and there is an excessive fullness in the forms that, if not controlled, will degenerate into manner. The picture is clever; but there is a prominence of effort that is greater than proportionate to success.

No. 141, *The Spire of Harfleur*; R. K. Penson. A very powerful drawing, something hard in execution, and deficient in air.

No. 143, *Timber Brig in Ballast, off Scarborough*; John Callow. An effective drawing; but as is usual with the artist, the clouds are heavy and deficient in meaning.

No. 144, *A Wolf, a Lamb, and an Infant*. The Infant by Miss Fanny Corboux; the Animals by Miss Louisa Corboux. The animals are the most satisfactory.

No. 152, *Staircase leading to the Dormitory, Fountain's Abbey*; John Chase. Simple in subject, but full of truth in execution.

No. 162, *'Vase of Roses in a Niche'*; Fanny Haines. Very finely painted indeed.

No. 165, *Portrait of the Lady Georgiana Codrington*; Edward H. Corbould. Brilliant in an effect of cold colours, and something hard in execution. The face very hard; more resembling china than the flesh of a beautiful woman.

No. 166, *Là Biondina in Gondolella, &c.*; C. Vacher. Singular in the artist's manner that is not the best point in which to view his talent.

No. 170, *The Return*; James Fahey. A cleverly painted picture.

No. 172, *The Watering-Place—A Study from Nature*; H. C. Pigeon. Very nice.

No. 175, *The Death of Jean Goujon*; E. H. Wehnert. This celebrated French sculptor was shot during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, while at work on a scaffold in one of the courts of the Louvre. The figure is much better in drawing than the artist's works of last season; but there is in the face something very wrong about the deep sunk eye that must be called impossible. The picture is well composed and painted, but not agreeable as a subject to hang up.

No. 178, *Ponté de Sospiri, Venice—Night*; C. Vacher. Singular in character of effect; but very true in detail, and transparent while powerful in shadow. The picture is remarkable for breadth.

No. 181, *'The Lone One'*; Aaron Penley. The hands and feet detestably small.

No. 182, *Gypsies Encamping*; H. C. Pigeon. Clever and broad in treatment.

No. 183, *Old Chateau, at Bovignes, on the Meuse*; William Oliver. There are many pictures in the exhibition by this artist, that seem painted upon a vicious singularity of principle. They are crude and raw in colour, wanting repose and aerial perspective. Their compositions are nevertheless often good. This is one of the least objectionable for the habitual insufficiency of the artist.

No. 187, *The Happy Time—Britany*; J. J. Jenkins. A very beautiful picture of a Breton youth and maiden basking in the sunshine, and saying and looking soft things to one another. It is well drawn, full of bright warm light, rich in colour, and happy in expression. A more tender style of finish for the fleshy texture, would, however, be an improvement.

No. 188, *Temple of Vesta, &c., Rome*; C. Vacher. A cleverly painted picture. The figures well drawn and effectively grouped.

No. 190, *The Mother's Prayer*; Jos. J. Jenkins. A nicely drawn and well composed picture.

No. 192, *The Bashful Lover*; William Lee. The story well told, but the parties do not interest, and the imprudence of the request is so evident, that the spectators are not interested in its success.

No. 196, *Meeting Room of the Brewer's Company, Antwerp*; S. Haghe. This is the most satisfactory picture that we have ever seen by Mr. Haghe. Indeed we do not remember to have looked upon a water colour drawing by anybody that would bear comparison with it. As a composition it is perfect. Its effect, whether of colour or *chiaro oscuro*, is a wonder. The exceeding transparency of its deep shadow is only equalled in excellence by the warm brilliancy of its rich light. The drawing of the figures is excellent, and the truth and business-like expression of every countenance renders all a glorious reality, that cannot be imagined from description, but must be seen to be appreciated. It is not any slight to the other artists to say that this is truly the gem of the gallery.

No. 197, *Gleaners Returning*; H. Mapleston. This is also a very beautiful picture; the foreground rich and full of detail, without injury to breadth. The sky and distance also very successful.

No. 200, *Ennui*; Edward H. Corbould. An exquisitely beautiful young lady, lolling lazily, with her cheek against a high-back chair. The face finished with all the beautiful texture of the downy cheek of girlhood. If it were not for something of excess in smallness of the feet, this would also be a gem; but looking at the face again, we forgive every other error.

No. 201, *Still Life*; Mrs. Margetts. A singularly rich and effective picture; true to deception, and vying in force with anything we ever saw in oil.

No. 202, *Luce Makers in Caen, Normandy*; Jos. J. Jenkins. A cleverly composed group, broad in effect, and transparently painted.

No. 204, *The Shepherdess*; William Lee. A very pretty picture. The face in shadow is from a very beautiful model, and painted with great knowledge of the carnations in reflection. This picture shows what Mr. Lee can do if he takes the pains.

No. 207, *Going with the Stream*. A pair of lovers in a punt, in the costume of Brittany. Well drawn, and pleasant to look upon.

No. 208, *Via Flaminia, Campagna of Rome*; C. Vacher. Rich, broad, and transparent; full of sunshine, and aerial in perspective.

No. 211, *Wayfarers*; H. Theobald. A very clever sketch.

No. 212, *The Uncle's Charge*; Edward H. Corbould. The children in the wood preparing to depart with the ruffians. A very powerfully painted picture, well drawn, the expressions true, and altogether, allowing for the romance of the school, a good specimen of the artist.

No. 215, *Haddon*; John Chase. Broad and full of sunshine. The figures well arranged, and useful.

No. 216, *The Bayen Tower, Cologne*; G. Howse. Well painted and agreeable in composition.

No. 218, *John the Baptist Preaching*; Henry Warren. This artist is not equal to such subjects. In spite of much that is clever in composition, and the evidence of principle in the colouring, the drawing is so stiff, so mannered, and presents such a deficiency of modelling, that the predominance of straight lines destroys the power of the spectator to attach his attention to any part of the picture but its deficiencies. A little more timidity would be graceful when accompanying so much wrong.

No. 219, *View from an Arch of the Second Tier of the Coliseum*; J. H. D'Egville. A very beautifully treated picture, coloured with great breadth.

No. 222, *The Brown Girl and Fair Annet*; Jane Sophia Egerton. A great deal of this picture is good. Fair Annet would be very beautiful if the breadth between the eyes were not so extravagant. It gives to the countenance a sauciness that does not belong to the character, and was, we hardly think, intended by the artist. The great faults, however, are in composition, which is very formal. The execution is excellent.

No. 223, *The Ferry*; H. Mapleston. Very bold and effective.

No. 240, *French Fishing-boats Running for an Anchorage*; E. Duncan. The water of this picture is a triumph in its department of art; all is motion and transparency. The sky is also effective in composition, but we think a little hard in execution as to the edges of some of the clouds, giving them a flat rather than a round appearance.

No. 251, *The Streamlet*; Henry Jutsum. Clever in composition.

No. 260, *Muscle Gatherers, on the French Coast*; Jos. J. Jenkins. A very nice bit of colour, and drawing satisfactory.

No. 268, *Clovelly, North Devon*; W. Collingwood. A most effective bit. Why does not the artist attempt more?

No. 274, *From King Henry VIII.*; G. Howse. A little interior, in which Wolsey is seated contemplating the picture of his truculent master, who scowls at him from the canvass.

No. 278, *Boulogne Shrimper*; Jos. J. Jenkins.

This is very beautiful. Mr. Jenkins is a favoured individual. We made a very attentive examination of the Belles of Boulogne, and did not succeed in discovering anything of the description he here treats us with.

No. 285, *Interior, at Ambleside*; W. Collingwood. This artist has a fine perception of breadth. His drawing wants but little to be very fine.

No. 288, *Barges on the Thames*; E. Duncan. We like this little picture better than any other by the artist in the room. There are, no doubt, others that would be more difficult to paint; but here nothing is attempted that is not accomplished; and the bit is perfection.

No. 298, *Shrimpers Returning Home—Coast of France*; Jos. J. Jenkins. Also a very clever picture.

No. 300, *Et Chiozza, on the Lague*; J. H. D'Egville. Effective.

No. 301, *Entrance to Montagu House*; G. Howse. Well understood.

No. 305, *Calais Pier*; Thos. S. Robins. This picture is very successfully treated; the water in the front perfect.

That we have not mentioned more pictures is not that more were not worthy to be mentioned, for there are many that would be most remarkable in any other exhibition. We conclude by observing, that the hanging of this exhibition is very satisfactory. The public have been considered in every instance; and those pictures most worthy of examination have been placed where they were most easily to be seen.

#### DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.

FEBRUARY 24 AND MARCH 10.

PAPERS on the chemical properties of timber trees were read by Mr. Vicary. March 31st, a discussion "upon the influence of light and colours," took place. With reference to the power which colours possess of absorbing and imparting heat, several practical remarks were offered; among others, the lime-washing of pipes which convey heat within conservatories was condemned. The theory of three primary colours was questioned, it being assumed that yellow, red, and blue, are indeterminate gradations of intensity between light and its absence. In support of this argument, the red appearance of the sun, when viewed through a fog, and the varying changes of colour according to the medium seen through, with other results of a like nature, were adduced. The phenomenon of an object, which is placed within the range of two lights, proceeding from the moon and a street gas lamp, producing thereby two shadows of different colours, red and blue, was mentioned as worthy the consideration of artists.

April 14, a paper "On the Scenery and Stage-decorations of Theatres," was read by Mr. John Dwyer, V.P. He observed that, in resuming his observations on theatres (see ante p. 88,) he felt supported by the public interest excited by his former papers, and more especially by the consideration which the laws of acoustics had received from other societies, who had, in a great measure, sustained the views he then introduced, without, however, throwing much additional light on that important subject; nevertheless, he believed that from this fact alone, some public benefit might reasonably be hoped for. The opinion he had expressed upon construction and form had, in the Theatre Historique, recently opened in Paris, been, in many respects, exemplified; which he attributed to the circumstance of persons of practical experience and acquaintance with the purposes and requirements of theatres having been consulted. The criticisms upon this theatre state, as a striking result, that every person obtaining a seat is enabled to see the whole of the stage. With reference to the proscenium, he had become more forcibly impressed with the advantages arising from the form he had then suggested; and he stated that Mr. Frederick Chatterton had since informed him that his instrument (the harp) was more favourably heard in Covent Garden than in any other of the metropolitan theatres. In an ornamental and artistic view, the form he proposed

combined some very essential properties. The proscenium should, he considered, form a frame to the animated picture on the stage; and the broad equal surface offered through his suggestion afforded an ample and suitable field on which to display rich and fanciful embellishments. The Surrey Theatre has an example of this frame-like character, and, together with the drop-scene, exhibits thus far a satisfactory effect; and also in the Theatre Historique this had been attended to with success. The usual arrangements, within the proscenium, of crimson draperies, frequently exhibit most marvellous compositions, but of that common-place nature, which he would gladly assist in exterminating. A drop-scene, he said, certainly required consummate skill. The pause in the excitement from the stage effects leads to the contemplation of the house in its *tout ensemble*; thus demanding a two-fold consideration—a subject of appropriate and interesting character, together with a proper regard to the general interior of the theatre.

Mr. Dwyer then noticed several devices which have been applied for drop-scenes, such as the looking-glass curtain at the Cobourg, some years ago; which he termed a costly absurdity, although at that time thought a *great hit*. But a drop-scene painted by Stanfield for the opera of *Acis and Galatea*, produced at Drury Lane some years ago, he pronounced to be a fine work. It displayed, in vignettes, ideal scenes by the artist, from the opera, and thus offered to the mind's eye congenial art during the pauses between the acts. Nevertheless, these pictures were placed within elaborate frames, contrasting strongly with the decorative expression of the theatre. A drop-scene painted by P. Phillips for Astley's, was mentioned as a proper application of art to this purpose. It was intended to harmonise with the general business of the theatre, and was an excellent illustration of it—the subject being "Victoria's return from Olympian games, with a procession to the sacrifice." The groups thus brought together had direct relation to the principal features in the performances on the stage. Mr. Dwyer considered that the composition always ought to have relation to the action on the stage, and observed that this principle has been regarded, in some degree, in the present drop-scene at Her Majesty's Theatre, where the design embodies abstract ideas of opera and ballet, but in connection with a massive architectural representation, quite distinct from the general character of the interior, of which it occupies so large a proportion. He contended that more unity in this particular ought to be attempted, and stated that he would treat the drop-scene as a picture to which the proscenium should be an outer framework, but he would have also an inner frame appearing on the scene, and partaking of the style of ornament adopted in other parts of the theatre. As approximating illustrations of his meaning, he mentioned those of the Princess's and the Adelphi, both of which, however, are defective in some minor quality. This manner has also the advantage of *contrasting with the stage scenery*. Mr. Dwyer next directed attention to light; and he observed that the reflectors to the foot-lights in our theatres present an objectionable appearance; and he showed a sketch of ornamental screen work for concealing them. He also suggested that they admit of a very different arrangement on the bude principle, with modifying reflectors, and that it would be advantageous to carry off the noxious result of combustion. He advocated the use of stronger side lights, having their intensity regulated in accordance with the shadowing on the scenery, and he mentioned, with approval, the effects thus occasionally produced in moonlight scenes.

Mr. Dwyer then referred to the records of the English drama, and those eminent men who have been employed to express "a right merrie play most properlie;" to Master Inigo Jones's having, as it is stated, "fashioned and contrived in a most artful manner the scenes required," to Hogarth and Watteau, who assisted with their talents in elevating the stage; and to Philip de Louthers-

bourg, who, under the tutelage of Garrick, introduced such changes, and so far developed the magic power of stage effect as to earn for himself the designation of prince of scene painters. It was singular, he observed, to reflect upon the fact that, notwithstanding the exalted dignity imparted by the efforts of superior painters, the importance of scenery is insufficiently recognised by managers. The artist to a theatre being frequently required to be a more useful personage than a "filler up of backgrounds;" he must also be an actor, although as the painter of talent he would awaken more pleasurable emotions in the audience than probably all the other performances taken together. Newspaper criticisms, he said, seldom reach to the artist's merits, and very rarely indeed is his name mentioned, although he encounters difficulties of no common order in giving to the dreamy fancies of an author a local habitation—such as the Caverns of Despair—a Palace in Fairyland the Hall of Desolation Gardens of Pleasure—Abode of Darkness—or Bowers of Happiness, and his inventive and imitative qualifications must have an extensive range, so as to illustrate Butterflies' Ball-room, &c.

Mr. Dwyer then considered the exaggeration necessary to scenery; the management of colours for artificial light; the broad and dashing touches, vigorous lights and shadows, which form the scene-painter's art. A slight knowledge of the stage, he observed, would be sufficient to prove that, at the present time, the imitation of outward things, with one or two exceptions, is of a most imperfect order; they are but half represented. The Banqueting Hall is resplendent with gold and silver, and gorgeous magnificence everywhere but on the floor. The forest, luxuriant with foliage and intricate beauties, both of form and colour, is robbed of half its fair proportions by the poverty on which it stands. Mr. Dwyer argued that much success might be attributed to a careful "getting-up" of plays; that taste, carried to the merest trifle, had generally been appreciated by the public.

A description was next given of the arrangements of "wings, flats, and fly borders;" and the awkward *contre-temps* of scene-shifters appearing in their ordinary dresses on the stage to remove refractory scenery, was adduced as an argument for a less frequent change of scenes.

Mr. Dwyer having concluded this portion of his paper, it was announced that a second part, giving his opinions on Design, Perspective, Costume, and Stage-properties, would be read on the 28th inst.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

PROFESSOR WILLIS'S LECTURES ON ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.

THE second lecture was delivered last Tuesday. The Professor began by saying that Ecclesiastical architecture was but little indebted to the Egyptian temples, except in the instances he had explained previously. The peculiar feature of Egyptian architecture was its pyramidal form; all the walls inclined from three to five degrees. There were always two towers to the temples, which gave an imposing effect. The researches of modern travellers had been principally given to deciphering the hieroglyphics, instead of the study of the buildings themselves; there was not, therefore, much to be gained from the later accounts. The professor then read a passage from Strabo, in which there was a description of the Egyptian temple; first there was the dromos; this was, properly speaking, an outer court, in which generally there were rows of sphynxes, leading to the propylon, which was the second part. Passing through the propylon there was the pronaos, and beyond, the adytum. The walls were covered with barbarous figures. This account of Strabo's, the professor, said agreed with the general forms that were now in existence, although this form was not always adhered to; in the case of the great temple of Carnac, which had no less than eight propylons and several courts. This temple was commenced in the year 1740, before the Christian era, about the time of Joseph, and was continued down to the year 700; additions and alterations being



made by the different kings; so that it took 1,000 years to build. It was destroyed during the Persian invasion; was subsequently rebuilt by the Ptolemies; and so came down to our era. One of the peculiarities of this temple was, that in addition to the regular entrance, there was a lateral one, to which there were four propylons, and as many courts. We were indebted to the labours of those who had studied hieroglyphics for these particulars. He would merely add, that Champollion, by the inscriptions, had discovered that the great obelisk at Rome had once stood in front of this temple.

The professor then said, that the early Christian churches were not basilicas; for there were many in existence prior to the persecutions of Diocletian; and there could have been no conversion of basilicas into churches, before the time of the Emperor Constantine, when the Christian religion was established. The early churches, therefore, did not owe their origin to the basilica. The basilica was an Exchange, with a court of justice attached. The great hall was surrounded by pillars which formed a colonnade; and above, there was a gallery passing all round the building. The difference in one point between the early Christian church and the basilica was the transept, which gave to the building the form of the cross, the symbol of Christianity. There was, besides, the apse, which was a semicircular place, in which were the throne for the bishop, and seats round for the clergy. There was an altar in the middle of the apse; and under the altar was a chapel, in which were relics. The gallery in the church did not, as in the basilica, go all round, but only partly; and it was more enclosed, so that persons could not be seen from the court below. The clerestory windows were originally small; but, since the invention of glass, they had been made larger. The professor then pointed to the models of two Grecian temples, and explained the difference between them and the Egyptian. The latter was always flat-roofed; in the Grecian form, the roof was pent, for the purpose of throwing off the rain. This subsequently gave birth to the beautiful pediment, one of the distinctive features of Grecian architecture.

#### VENUS ATTIRING.

We have been invited to a private view of a statue which has received a premium from the Royal Irish Art Union, and which is about to be submitted to the London public in a paid exhibition, of which it is to be the single unassisted attraction. The invitation was sent to us unfolded in a prospectus that contained the attestation of three surgeons of Dublin to the anatomical correctness of the production. There is something so comical in the notion of receiving the Venus de Medici with a surgical certificate, that we were not prejudiced in favour of this new lady by the bill of health furnished by Messrs. Woodroffe, Crampton, and Carmichael; neither were we much more awed by the mechanism of construction that had been prepared for the exhibition. Without denying Mr. Nelson a good share of talent in his profession, we must protest against the enormous self-esteem that has influenced him to so rash a determination as that of incurring the expense this exhibition must necessarily entail upon him. Instead of recommending the challenging of opinion, that will be the consequence of producing this single work as a *chef-d'œuvre*, his friends would have done well to have counselled some considerable revision before he published it at all. It is a very unequal performance that, while it may be very good considering, has little positive merit beyond the crowd of female nudités already in existence. The left arm is exceedingly stiff, and in some views of the figure forms a straight line most unpleasing in composition. The other arm is also right angular in its bend, and cuts the figure in two disagreeably. The line of the back is graceful, and the lower part of the person is most successfully treated. The neck is, according to the prospectus, much praised by the press of Liverpool and Manchester; but we think it something stiff; while the fall of the

shoulders is excessive. The figure is on a rotatory pedestal, with a prepared light. Let Mr. Nelson suspect every thing in the shape of excessive laudation, and above all things give us no more medical certificates.

#### NEW SYSTEM OF ARCHITECTURE.—No. 11.

By WM. VOSE PICKETT.

IN addition, however, to the various utilities required to be embraced in the general arrangements of building—and in addition, also, to the realization of beauty in and through those utilities; there is another (and perhaps in a metaphysical sense), higher purpose which architecture, if not on all occasions, is frequently required to serve—namely, that of becoming a fitting repository in which to enshrine the productions of the higher arts of painting and sculpture.

According to the present condition of architecture greater facility exists, and greater happiness in effect is produced by the introduction of sculpture than of painting,—because marble or stone is alike the material upon which the principles of each art, *i. e.*, architecture and sculpture, are based,—and, according to the example of nature, in quarry formations, from whence the affinities of masonic architecture are derived, and which has previously been explained,—no skin or extraneous covering of any kind is required, or can consistently be applied to its surface. The result therefore of the juxtaposition of the two arts, provided the proportions are harmonious, can scarcely fail of being productive of unity and beauty in effect.

With painting, however, the case is different; here we have opposing elements to deal with. On the one hand, we are presented with an art, the course and operation of which is, to spread a skin of paint over a surface, and present illusions of form and the various phenomena of natural combination through the agency of superadded colour; while, on the other, we have no architecture whatever, but such as is based upon the powers and capabilities of a material which nature forbids us to cover or disguise,—which cannot therefore consistently be modified either in tint or texture, in order to reduce it to harmony with the latter art. And hence, the difficulty continually complained of, and the rarity of the circumstance of finding in the best and most legitimate productions of architecture—a hallowed home and repository for painting equal to that which has been found for her handmaid sculpture amid the chastened forms of the Grecian architecture,—wherein the mind may contemplate its beauties, and receive the lessons of wisdom it is so eminently calculated to teach, undisturbed by the inharmonious combinations of opposing elements, purposes, and effects.

In the introduction of fresco painting into architecture, (and which is usually preferred on account of the absence of glaze on the surface,) an almost equal objection presents itself, because this branch of art fulfils its intentions by spreading out a coating of plaster,—an operation equally as opposed to the native acquirements of masonry as that of coating its surface with paint, and it is not until a material is adopted as the primary constituent of architecture, the affinities of which are not with dead matter in the quarry, but with organic life in the animal frame—that a justification can exist for applying a skin or outer covering to its surfaces, and, consequently, that a really worthy and unobjectionable receptacle can be found for the production of arts which depend upon those processes for their effects.

For the more effectually carrying out the highly desirable purpose of preparing (both in public and private edifices) the most effective and unobjectionable repositories for works of the more exclusively fine arts, the general character of the arrangements of "the metallic architecture" offer peculiar facilities. The disposition of the walls in the form of plates presenting various degrees of projection as well as varieties and alternations of plain and figured surfaces—will enable compartments to be prepared for the reception of

paintings, whereby those productions could be viewed with ease and advantage, both as regards the position of the spectator and the effect of the work,—without the necessity of hanging the upper part of pictures out at an angle from the wall—by which an accumulation of dust, and, consequently, disagreeable association is presented.

The next point of advantage is the provision legitimately found in the covered surface of the wall for the introduction of such tints, and tones, and general disposition of colouring and gilding as shall be productive of harmony with the general effects of an assemblage of paintings, as well as the particular requirements of individual works.\*

In reference to the introduction of "sculpture" into edifices erected in this style, it may be observed, that the greatest facility would be presented and the most happy result produced by the admission of marble statuary in the round; because the beauty of form and material, and, consequently, general expression of such work will be exhibited with greater effect on a surface of contrasted, rather than synonymous colour and texture. The Greeks (who carried sculpture to the highest perfection of which the art is susceptible) were fully aware of this advantage; and, accordingly, we find in their most celebrated works—as, for example, in the tympanum of the pediment of the Parthenon and other temples—the portion of wall immediately behind the groups of statuary, is stained or tinted with an azure blue—an arrangement productive of the greatest satisfaction as regards the efficient display of the beauties of the latter works, as well as the general effect of the edifice.

Except on the bases of pedestals upon which statuary is placed, productions of basso-relievo in marble will be less consistently admissible in this architecture; because they are necessarily carved out of the surface of a block or slab, and are consequently associative with masonic construction, in which they naturally appear as forming part of the original wall or building.

In every description of this style of art, in which metallic peculiarities, whether of form or lustre are allowed to exercise an influence, a perfect consistency will result from the introduction, and the facilities or inducements which a legitimate and efficient system of architecture, based upon these peculiarities, will afford for the revival and extension of the higher departments of art in metals, (in which the Florentines and others, during the 15th and 16th centuries, so greatly excelled, of which the early Mythic History of the Greeks, as recorded by Homer and Hesiod, furnish such glowing descriptions, and for which the artists, and children of Israel were specially favoured with Divine inspiration,)† is not the least important of the many advantages attendant upon it.

The general disposition of the surfaces of walls into plates, or the effects thereof, and the necessary border lines, and other forms of demarkation, as well as varieties of figured pattern or surface over the plates themselves, will give occasion for a more legitimate and satisfactory employment of colour than usual, by limiting it to the purpose of giving increased expression and effect to real and tangible form,—thereby maintaining the supremacy of formative power in the art. Instead of endeavouring (as in the polychromatic and other styles of decoration) to supply architectural deficiencies in form, by the mere representation thereof, through the agency of paint on a flat surface. And which by the exhibition of mechanical powers, and to a certain extent similar intentions, with those of the higher departments of painting, serves only to

\* It may here be desirable to remark, that, in order to render paintings, and especially the frames of paintings harmonious with the arrangements of this art, it will be as necessary to allow the general primi anti angular forms of its parts to influence the forms of the pictures to be inserted; as has been found to be the case in respect to the generally square forms of masonry; and which, to a great extent, have occasioned the adoption of the same description of forms for pictures—notwithstanding that the purposes of the painting art would be generally better fulfilled were the circle and the ellipse admitted in modification of the inflexible and ungraceful monotony of the everlastingly-rectangle squares.

Exodus, chapter 25 to 31, &c., &c.

render the satisfactory introduction and effect of its productions an object of greater difficulty if not impossibility of attainment.

Before concluding the remarks in relation to painting generally, it may be desirable to state (in addition to the suggestions contained in the several experimental specimens previously referred to, by which the optical as well as general effects of the system are influenced), as well as to the observations contained in a work entitled "New System of Architecture." Longman's, 1145, that the imitation of the effects of metallic ores, and similar substances, instead of those of oak and other woods and marbles commonly introduced in ordinary house-painting, will be more consistent with metallic powers and properties, while conducive to brilliancy and general interest in effect, and consequently be productive of harmony with that first and last intention of this art—namely, to give legitimate expression and effect to the powers and capabilities of metals in architecture,—and to subject such other substances as may be employed in substitution thereof, so far as external effects are concerned, to uniform and efficient laws of design, adapted to the accomplishment of this object.

(To be continued.)

SOCIETY OF ARTS, April 14th, Thomas Winkworth, Esq., in the chair. The following gentlemen were elected members:—O. Hamilton, D. Henriques, F. E. H. Fowler, P. Fairbairn, H. Bright, G. Basevi, S. Smirke, E. Sharpe, and W. A. Wilkinson, Esquires. The Secretary read a communication from Mr. W. C. Fuller, on his "Vulcanised India Rubber Buffers for Railway Carriages." It was an interesting paper. The second communication read was by Mr. Philip Palmer, "On the Application of Crown Glass Metal to the Manufacture of Various Domestic and Other Articles." The effect of taking the duty off glass was clearly shown in the improvement of the manufacture, and the greater number of articles to which it was applied.

#### To the Editor of THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL.

SIR,—As you have deemed my hasty defence, so termed, of the Society of British Artists worth insertion and comment upon in your journal, and as it has also elicited communications from two correspondents, "A Student," and "A Looker-on," I must again beg to be allowed a space in your columns, and to begin by setting myself right with the former, who, in correcting my statement with regard to the time appropriated for study by the School of the Royal Academy, generously, and I can sincerely assure him, most justly, refrains from imputing to me intentional misrepresentation. My case did not require to be backed by so dangerous an expedient as perversion of facts; had it needed such, I should have spurned its advocacy. I fully admit my error, and, in so doing, make the only *amende honorable* within my power; and trust "A Student," and all those who may have noticed it, may be satisfied therewith. Taking the case, however, as pointed out by your correspondent, and supposing the advantages offered by the Royal Academy to be even greatly improved upon, I cannot admit that the school contemplated by the Suffolk-street Society one iota the less needful. It may be said that the private institutions of the metropolis are no proof of any real necessity existing for increased facilities of instruction; that they have arisen simply from the necessities of professors, and have been devised by them as an improved attraction beyond the common system, if system it can be called, of drawing masters, for their own private advantage. But even supposing this to be the fact, although I am by no means prepared to admit it, I think it must be evident to any one who knows how widely extended art has become, and how numerous its legitimate votaries now are, that no one existing institution, however great its means, or powerful its energies, could, by any possibility, meet the demands which would now be made upon it. There can, I repeat, be no doubt as to the necessity of another efficient and well-organised institution for this purpose; and

there is none in so good a position for affording the requisites as the Society of British Artists. I think I may venture to answer for their entertaining the sincere desire and honest intention of carrying the object out zealously and efficiently, but that they should do so without assistance, as well from the Artists themselves as the public, I think most unfair and unreasonable to expect.

It is not my intention to follow you through the concluding remarks of your review of our exhibition. There are, however, one or two points I cannot pass over without notice. You say, "Had the best men that have offered themselves to the Society been elected members, it would have held a higher place in public opinion." In reply to this, I can only say I am not aware of any one Artist having offered himself since I have been connected with the institution—and it is now some years since—whose talents would have had this most desirable effect. The men whose talent we have wanted, and even courted, have shrunk from the responsibilities and expenses we have been struggling under; they made use of us, as I have before stated, and meanly held out intimations and promises of joining us, without any intention, I most firmly believe, of ever doing so. With all our errors, we have at least had that feeling of self-interest and prudence, common to all men, which would have induced us to avail ourselves gladly of any chance of adding to our body superior talents to our own. If there be any doubt of this, let men of high talent come forward and offer to join us, which they now can with a due regard to the wisely prudential motives which have hitherto held them back; as by the charter granted us, the penalty for leaving the society is done away with, and they run no risk, beyond their individual share, of the liabilities of the society. Fully, most fully, do I agree with you, that most beneficial effects would accrue to us from the competition which would arise from the infusion of greater talent among us. No man puts forth his full energies without this stimulus. I also admit the force of your observations respecting the number of works contributed by our members, as compared with the Royal Academy, and unreservedly coincide with all your concluding observations contained in the paragraph, commencing with "The poverty of the Society," &c., and ending with the words "substantial performance." They are, in my opinion, true and just in every respect; and I not only hope, but entertain strong confidence, there is a spirit at work within us, which will very shortly work out the desired improvement.

While, however, these things are expected of us, there are others as justly expected by us—namely, that fair allowances should be made for the peculiarities of our position, and that we should not be judged harshly for conduct, which the total want of co-operation, the unfair treatment, and narrow-minded opposition of all brother artists have, in a great measure, forced upon us; for I again assert, we have been more sinned against than sinning; and in proof of the spirit which has guided, and still animates many towards us, I would point to the communication of "A Looker-on," on whom I will condescend to bestow a few words, even against my better judgment. To exculpate the Society of British Artists, is, he avers, as difficult as to wash a blackamoor white. To induce him, or those who think and feel with him, to judge with fairness and candour, would, in my opinion, be a greater difficulty still; but there will, I think, be every chance of the difficulty being altogether overcome, when his estimation of the society, its conduct, and motives, shall be deemed of any importance. If ever this should happen, neither Hercules himself, nor any aid, natural or supernatural, will suffice to lift us out of the quagmire we shall be plunged into. By the way I have a shrewd guess at his name; will he avouch it?

Hoping I may be excused for again troubling you at such length, I remain, Mr. Editor,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

JOHN TENNANT.

Frith Manor House, Hendon, April 19, 1847.

#### To the Editor of THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL.

SIR,—Many persons besides myself have, no doubt, been surprised at and amused by Mr. Hay's letter, which appeared in the shape of an advertisement in your last number. Was it worth while to point out for serious reproof the very ordinary taste displayed in such a trifling matter as the outside wrapper of a periodical. It affords the editor of the publication in question the opportunity of saying, with every appearance of truth, that Mr. Hay could not possibly find anything else to vent his spleen upon, or raise objections against; so, the contents being invulnerable, he fixed upon the unlucky wrapper, and "broke a butterfly upon a wheel."

The cover of that magazine is, at any rate, a very innocent affair, when compared to a very large portion of its contents; a great deal of very poor—nay, positively bad and corrupt taste being shown in many of the specimens of ornamental design for various articles of manufacture. Heidehoff's designs for Gothic furniture are, for instance, amazingly bad; things whose ugliness is equalled only by their preposterousness and inconvenience. Even the complaisant *Builder*, although it was fain to borrow some of those cuts, felt it necessary to utter a gentle protest against the worse than Batty Langley taste displayed in them. Yet the editor of the *Art-Union* had the courage, not only to exhibit them as specimens of German ability and art in that branch of design, but even to extol them; thereby indirectly, if not directly, recommending them as lessons which our English designers of furniture would do well to study. Had they been tolerably decent things of their kind, the recommendation might have been attended with mischief; but they are, fortunately, so exquisitely bad, that I question if any English furniture-maker, who had any credit for taste to support, could be induced to copy them, even to gratify the perverse whims of his best employer.

Far more discreet would it have been in the editor of the *Art-Union* to have waived the distinction of being so favoured by Herr Heidehoff, unless he was at liberty to exercise his criticism upon the designs, and caution his readers against their extravagant absurdity. Acceptable as they may be just at the moment, such favours are generally dearly paid for in the end. The *Art-Union* is also in the habit of serving up to its readers, month after month, a great deal, that even were it better than it is, would still be altogether out of place in such a publication. Let the editor for the future eschew his *feuilleton*, and then he will have, for matters of more immediate concern to his readers, that *quantum suff.* of space which, from his frequent apologies for the want of it, we must suppose him anxious to obtain.

I remain, &c.,

ANTI-HUMBOLD.

#### THE DRAMA.

THE week past has afforded little of novelty to the play-goer. The inertia on the part of the English stage has been more than made up for by the activity of the foreigner; and people now find more amusement in talking suppositions of Jenny Lind, than in witnessing the best doings of any of our own actors. The warfare between the rival Italian establishments, whether or no profitable to the parties, are beyond doubt positively and peculiarly unpleasant to the national establishments. The English actor has by them been sunk to unfashionableness in the metropolis, and, as a consequence voted a bore in Bullocksmithy. The country actor, with his hands and arms to the elbows buried in the pockets of his pantaloons, mutters on the eastern pavement of Bow-street, "curses, not loud but deep," against the desecration of what used to be the butt he shot at. Then looking up at Flaxman's bas-relief of Shaksperian creations, and ruminating on the little that they have in common with the outlandish personages that he notices to make their exits and their entrances at those doors where Siddons;—"No! by heaven!" he



cries, "the old passages were not good enough for the signorinas, and they have constructed another. Well I be it so," continues he, "and when I am manager of that theatre, if I do not have that passage bricked up may——;" and then he thinks of his dinner, and from his empty inwards he vituperates in good set phrase the schism that has undone him—

"A plague of both your houses!  
They have made worm's meat of me."

But good *Richard III.*, or *Goldfinch*, or *Robert Tyke*, or *Denis Brulgrudery*, you have no just cause to complain. You have left this stage of yours to the rats for a twelvemonth. It was even proposed to turn it into a cabbage warehouse. With a population eager for enjoyment, you have neglected the exertion that would have insured to yourself a portion of the advantage connected with that appetite. You are a lazy fellow, *Richard III.* You turned actor merely because you were too idle to do anything else; and now that you are out of an engagement you scorn to apply yourself to those studies that would make your fitness for your profession. You belong to the provincial theatre at present, and may have, when employed, seven or eight characters to learn by the week. This you know to be an impossibility; you have not time to learn them, and you flatter yourself that you can successfully substitute your own slobbery inventions for what has taken an author study to compose. If you do not get a black eye from an apple you think you have succeeded in doing without the author. My dear *Richard III.*, you have succeeded in disgusting that portion of your audience with the theatre, who might have made it a fashionable amusement in the town in which your great merit was exhibited. They have not pelted you in the theatres, but they have set you down an ass in society, and it is the fashion at Bullocksmithy to despise the drama.

How do you study a part *Richard III.*? Why, you write it out with the cues, or last words of the other actor. You have not time to read the play; there is so much fun in the green-room. You have no notion of the construction of the piece; there is so much sunshine at the stage-door. You do not know how much depends occasionally upon a word, or upon a situation; and the thing, we will not call it a drama, ends without your twenty-two of an audience knowing what it was about. Is this the mode in which Mr. Macready obtained his position? If you think so, *Richard*, you are very much mistaken. Mr. Macready would now go through the character of *Juliet* without book; giving it all the study it deserves. Do you think that Mr. Phelps, fully as he is occupied by the work of training into actors the material of which his company is composed, eschews all thought of his profession upon leaving Sadler's Wells? No, indeed, *Richard*; his greatest labour is when reconsidering one of his old parts. Then is the intensity of application of which you, *Richard III.*, have no adequate notion; and that which makes the actor anything but an idle man.

But what right have you to suppose that eminence as an actor is to be obtained without exertion? Is the artist-painter, even of moderate respectability, an idler? In no instance. His mind is constantly in his art. His striving has no interval. No matter where he may happen to be, his thoughts are storing up inquiry and observations tending to the individual end he has proposed to himself from the beginning. His is, as yours ought to be, a labour of love. The lawyer employs himself in reading dusty old black-letter abstrusities, that he hates to look at. His life is a sacrifice to his profession. His is labour without love; yet must he undergo it, or his pocket would be as empty as your own. The surgeon is risking his life in dabbling with his fingers in the most disgusting operations, the very mention of which creates a loathing in a well-conducted stomach. And you, *Richard III.*, are an ill used individual, forsooth, because you—who are very likely a seceder from one of these professions, because you cannot do anything that is disagreeable to yourself—are not paid highly for devoting your-

self to an employment which most would undertake for fun, and many pay to be permitted to do for the occasional enjoyment that is connected with it. No, no, *Richard III.*, you are losing time in vituperating the opera people over the way. Take yourself off from that Bow-street pavement. Get home to your lodging, and give your whole mind to your profession. Do not care about this or that actor. Imitate nobody. Have respect for nobody. Believe acting to be something that has not yet been done by any one. Know Shakespeare by heart; understand him; feel him; and work your physical capacity as far as its means extend, until you can so pronounce his divine inspiration, that your intonation shall be a glossary to the text, and that the closet student shall be compelled to appeal to the theatre for assistance, in comprehending the true reading of the writer who has done more for the intellectual respectability of our country than all the other writers we have put together. It may be that you will, after all, fail in obtaining the place you struggle for; but still your pains will not be thrown away; your usefulness will have obtained an enormous increase; and though your physical means may have been unequal to embody the model, in your thoughts, your intellectual respectability will have removed you from the pavement of Bow-street, and your trower pocket will be otherwise occupied than at present. There are opportunities opening for using you if you are good for anything. The Keeleys are about condensing their comicalities into a more fitting space for the class of performances they attempt to represent, and the Lyceum will, probably, be the point of the wedge that will restore the drama to the place it should hold in a British metropolis. Even Drury, if it escapes being torn to pieces by wild beasts, may again open its stage doors to those that are fitting to enter them; and, be sure of this, that two operas will, if continued to extremity, become too strong a dose for the musical system of John Bull to survive. But in the meantime, *Richard*, take yourself away from that pavement, and when the hour comes, see that the material be in existence; for while progress is remarkable in every other department of human endeavour, do not suppose then the stage will be excused from contributing its shares of exertion. The season for trumpery is gone by. Even the Princess's Theatre is awaking from its long sleep, and begins to have a doubt in the omniscience of the divinity of humbug to which it has so long been devoted. We shall have the Fanny Kemble upon her second trial on Monday, and we shall also have Mr. Creswick, in *Master Walter*—a character that he almost makes understandable by the perfection of his intonation that seems to identify him with the part.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—FRENCH PLAYS.—Rose Cheri continues to afford to those who seek to know to what degree of refinement acting may be elevated, a standard by which to judge of the present position of our drama, and the insufficiency of those who cater for the public. Had we absolute power, we would compel town managers to visit the St. James's Theatre, in order to learn how stage arrangements should be conducted. The town may suppose that these gentlemen are doing all they can for their satisfaction, and are employed in searching for excellence to render their theatres attractive. The reverse is the fact. We know, ourselves, that after Miss Cushman had finished her engagement at the Princess's, the managers of two theatres, devoted to the regular drama, had not had the curiosity to go and see her. We know this, and it is probable that they were not exceptions. We are quite sure that the same may be calculated upon with respect to Rose Cheri; there is but one London actor we see at the French Play, and he is a rising man, his devotion to his art being plainly discernible in the progress he is making. Do not let us be understood to undervalue our country productions by reference to those exotics. If we did not believe ourselves equal to anything that is French, we should cease to refer to the matter; but to obtain the end the

means must be used. We have actors, here and there, equal to anything that France can boast. There is nothing French that will, in her line, compare with Mrs. Nisbett; in high tragedy they have no man equal to several we could name in England; and, in low comedy, we can compete with them successfully; but we cannot, with all this, put a stage play before the public so satisfactorily as they can. Even the excellence of Sadler's Wells falls short of that of St. James's, and we know that to be something inferior to the models it imitates on the Boulevards. But then the managers of Parisian theatres have no monster placards, and their dirty scener is not a matter of necessity, resulting from the expense incurred in playbills that are as large as the scenes themselves, and much more attractive. We shall be most happy when the Woods and Forests shall have finished their devastations, and the legislature shall have abolished the perambulatory advertisements; for when the managers are shut out from those opportunities of deception they may return to orthodox effect, and eschew the substitution of pretence for the real endeavour to fulfil honourably the task they undertake.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—The doings of the Operas furnish themes for the minors; and the Adelphi has, from faith in the principle that "What is good for the goose is good for the gander," got up its own *Jenny Lind*, as well as the Lyceum, the fatigue of the business being there supported upon the shoulders of Mr. Wright, in opposition to the Tom Noddys of Mrs. Keeley at the rival theatre. If we were asked which was the worst production of the two, we should certainly give the palm to the Adelphi, which seems to have been written on the crown of the author's hat while on horseback. But then there's Wright, who "does his own libretto;" and there were effigies of the three musical belligerents, and Wright sang German, of which only two words of each verse could be heard; and then the mirth was so uproarious, that the nightingale stood and looked at the audience with every shade of expression, in a sort of chromatic scale from intreaty below the leger lines, up to indignation and reproach in alt; and then there was Miss Woolgar's name in the bill; and there was Quantity Bedford trying to imitate Lablache, but he "cuddled," and so the curtain dropped while the people were laughing with and at the actors; and they found it was all over, and looked at one another, and some of them were ashamed thereof, and others, and those the majority, swore it was capital.

THE TRUNKMAKER.

#### THE DRAMA OUT OF TOWN.

THE noiseless, and almost imperceptible progress the drama is making in the Metropolis, towards a more healthful state, ought to act like a charm upon the provincial performer; especially where the mind is directed to the highest position in the Thespian art. The converting of Covent Garden into a lyric theatre, has been deeply felt by those whose very souls, as it were, were knit up in that drama, which for two hundred years has cast a lustre not only on the author and the actor, but on the country of their birth—but good full often cometh out of evil—and the transforming of the one national establishment into an Italian opera, and the other into a zoological receptacle for the destitute—has and will cause a stir in favour of the too long neglected British stage—alike neglected by the public—the proprietors—the managers and the actors.

Some may have wept in silence—others may have loudly bellowed—but how few have put their shoulder to the wheel to help to raise the drama from its fallen state. But with that few it was a noble deed done in a noble cause, and

"Thanks to men  
Of noble mind, is honourable meed."

The London theatres have, "time out of mind," with but few exceptions, depended on the provinces for a supply of that mental genius, without which the drama cannot be faithfully represented. Look at the metropolitan establishments, even of the

present day, and but few within their walls worthy of being called actors, will be found who have not passed their noviciate out of town. Such being a fact past dispute, how assiduous should country actors be to perfect themselves in the profession in which they have embarked; for let but the tide once set in in favour of the legitimate, and all theatres who now revel in the luxury of coloured fires—unprecedented leaps—and terrific combats will, “assuming a virtue, though they have it not,” aspire to have the good old plays represented within their walls, an event not to be achieved by the *dramatis personæ* attached to the generality of the London theatres. Those who have made “decided hits,” in *Jonathan Bradford*, *Jack Sheppard*, and the *Cruel Butcher*, or, *Cow Cross in Convulsions*, would cut but sorry figures in *Hamlet*, *Coriolanus*, or *Macbeth*. The former may be acted by those who parade at the shows in the fairs (the only places such pieces are fit for), but the latter requires beings of soul, with more than common intellect and vast study to do them justice.

Actors grow not in hedge rows—they are exotics, requiring superior cultivation, and can only be brought to even moderate perfection by means of the greatest attention.

Let actors labour in their vocation; let them, casting aside all minor objects, forgetting the present, keep the future only in their view. Let ambition urge, hope lure them on, and fame will reward their toil! By country actors devoting more of their time to the study of the profession, a great good may be accomplished; they will improve themselves, and enhance the art. Nay, more, by rendering themselves more scarce off the stage, they will be more esteemed on it. The stars we nightly behold in the firmament excites not our wonder or our admiration—those only which are “Like angels visits, few and far between,” fix our attention. The actor who unnecessarily mixes with the public out of a theatre, loses all respect for himself and the drama; and, therefore, should not be surprised if the very beings with whom he has associated are the very first to censure and condemn him. The study of the art is pleasing in its progress, remunerative in its accomplishment. The legitimate, the national drama, will revive in the metropolis. Actors of talent, well versed in all the various ramifications of the stage, must be required. Let, therefore, the followers of the stage “out of town,” endeavour to make themselves worthy of gracing the London boards! Let them bear in mind

“Forti et fidei nil difficile,”  
and  
“Audentes fortuna juvat.”

**MANCHESTER.**—The times have had a sad effect on the theatres. The Royal has been but indifferently attended. The Amphitheatre still less fortunate; and the Queen’s but little better. Betty terminated his engagement on Saturday last, it being for his benefit; when the theatre was moderately well filled.

**LIVERPOOL.**—The Royal is closed; to re-open on the 3rd of May. The Liver, in Church-street, is a dead letter. The Adelphi, under Hammond’s management, is anything but successful; while the Amphitheatre is doing, all things considered, a fair share of business. Freer (formerly a White-chapel luminary), having returned from America, has been playing here, with indifferent success. Although Mr. Copeland does more with minor stars than any other manager, yet he cannot at all times compel the public to be satisfied. Cony, Blanchard, and their dogs are also exhibiting there; the quadrupeds being just as attractive as the bipeds.

**WOLVERHAMPTON.**—Under new management the theatre opened on Monday last. There was a goodly muster in the front, to welcome the new comers on the stage. The pieces selected, albeit they were not of the true cast (*The Mysteries of Paris*, *Dancing Barber*, &c.), were well played; put on the stage with much effect, and appeared to please the audience. The present *corps dramatique* is a decided improvement on the last, and it is sincerely to be hoped it will be more liberally patronised.

**DERBY.**—Here, as elsewhere, theatricals are below par, “the times are out of joint,” and time can only restore them to a healthful state. A Miss Fanny Murray has made her *débüt*—we should say it is not the lady’s first appearance in public, we could hope it might be the last. Theatres ought not to be made places of refuge for all comers—nor should managers lend themselves to the introduction of “Heavens knows who.”

**BOSTON.**—H. Betty played three nights during the past week to well-filled houses. The general business has been but indifferent.

**BOSTON.**—The theatre continues to be but indifferently attended; on more than one occasion a dismissal has taken place. An ill-advised lady has been playing as a Madame Castiglioni, accompanied by a Mr. Macarthy! whom we remember a short time ago as a Mr. Huntley May! and Miss Thackery! When the public are so trifled with, can their deserting a theatre be a matter of surprise?

## MUSIC.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.**—The opera of *Sonnambula* was performed on Tuesday last with Persiani, Mario, and Tamburini. This cast, without any comment, would be quite sufficient warrant of first-rate performance. Persiani was herself—the complete *artiste*. Unrivalled as a vocalist, scarcely less so as an actress; every passage was executed with so much ease, and delivered with so much expression, as to call forth the continued applause of the audience. In an opera so well known as *Sonnambula*, it would be superfluous to allude to particular parts, in which she excelled, as her powers have been already so often appreciated throughout the whole. She was received with immense cheering. Mario made his first appearance this season, and was greeted as an old and deserved favourite ought to be. At first he appeared a little nervous; but this wore off after a time, and in the scene of the last act, he acquitted himself splendidly, and was encored. There is something very touching in the tones of his voice; in pathetic passages they tell with great effect, every inflexion seeming the result of intense feeling. Tamburini was not so happy in *Vi Ruvvio* as we could have wished him. The effect produced was by no means proportionate to the evident effort.

Nor ought we to omit mention of Corbari. In one year she has made astonishing progress. Last season, at Her Majesty’s Theatre, she appeared as one prematurely brought out; on this occasion the improvement was manifest. With more experience she must hold a still higher rank as an artist. She sung an interpolated air in the last act exceedingly well; displaying much feeling in expression and facility in execution. The orchestral accompaniment to the vocal music deserves every commendation—the singing is supported, not overwhelmed. Mr. Costa deserves the thanks of all for this great improvement. We need scarcely add, that Persiani, Mario, and Tamburini, were vociferously called forth, and appeared to acknowledge the compliment. Jenny Lind, the rival songstress, was in the house.

A new ballet, *La Reine des Fees*, introduced Dumilatre for the first time this season. Although an elegant and graceful *danseuse*, she would have been scarcely equal to insure the full success of the ballet, but for the splendid scenery. One of the scenes in each act almost defy description, they were gorgeous in the extreme, and must be witnessed to be appreciated; we can scarcely conceive any finer scenic effects. The simple dresses of the *corps de ballet* contrasted well with the rich colouring and the glow of light; the *ensemble* was altogether very fine.

**PRINCESS’S THEATRE.**—The opera of *The Sonnambula* was performed here last Thursday, for the purpose of introducing a lady in the character of *Amina*. There was something mysterious in the matter, as no name was announced. We do not in general think that anonymous productions turn out well. There was nothing to call for parti-

cular remark on the lady’s singing. She has a soprano voice of no great power, and got through the character respectably. This is something like “damning with faint praise,” but we can, in reality, say nothing more. The lady did not give the idea of being very juvenile, she looks nearer forty than twenty, as a neighbour sung to us. Miss Smithson was the *Lisa*, and sung quite as well as the “anonymous.” Mr. Allen made some execrable *roulades*; and Mr. Bodda performed the character of the *Count* in a very gentleman-like way.

## CONCERTS.

**ANCIENT CONCERTS.**—The second took place last Wednesday evening, under the direction of the Duke of Wellington, who, on this occasion, did not give an example of that punctuality for which he has been remarkable; consequently the concert did not commence until nine o’clock. The principal vocalists were Mesdames Caradori, Allan, and Jenny Lutzer, Miss Dolby, Miss Messent, Signor Gardoni, Messrs. Lockey and Machin, and Herr Staudigl. Want of space compels us to omit the programme.

The chorus of Cherubini, is a fine production. Mr. Lockey sang “Where’er you walk” very well, he has a pleasing voice. Miss Messent’s nervousness in “Verdi Prati” marred her performance. Miss Dolby was not happy “In Infancy,” it was delivered in much too sombre a style. Madame Caradori Allan, was as effective as usual, in “Guardami un Poco,” “Non Toccar Campanas,” “Charmante Gabriel,” and the solo of Winter’s “Proserpina.” Gardoni sang “Pieta Signore” and “O Cara Immagine;” it would be hard to judge of him at a first appearance, particularly with recollections of Mario in the first, and Salvi in the second air. Madame Jenny Lutzer, is a singer who displays much feeling, which was well expressed in both of the airs assigned to her, “Deh Vieni” and “Non mi dir,” but the great lion of the evening was Staudigl, whose voice is unquestionably improved. The tones blend together and are more equal, and there is a softness now imparted to it, which it was difficult for so deep a bass to acquire. In “In diesen,” and the recitative and air, from Haydn, he was very effective. The concert, on the whole, was heavy; a string of solos not sufficiently relieved. The chorus had not much to do, and that little might have been better done. The playing of the band is anything but what it ought to be. In fact, while musical performance is everywhere else improved, at these concerts it remains in the indifferent *statu quo* of bygone days. The room was tolerably attended, and Jenny Lind’s presence produced an animation unusual to the regular audience.

**BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY** held the third meeting on Monday last, and was fully attended. There were played the Quartetts in C minor, E flat, and A minor. The artists were Joseph Joachim, Stainton, Hill, and Rousselot.

**WILSON’S SCOTTISH ENTERTAINMENTS.**—These were resumed at the Music Hall, Store-street, Bedford-square, last Monday evening. The performance was styled “An hour w’ Burns,” and some of the most beautiful of the poet’s songs were introduced. Mr. Wilson read “Tam o’ Shanter,” at the end of the first part, with much humour, and the room was crowded.

**BRISTOL.**—M. Julien has engaged the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, for two nights, May 3rd and 6th. Herr Pischek will be the great attraction.

Henry Russell gives two concerts at the Theatre Royal; one on Monday next, and one on Thursday, 28th.

**LIVERPOOL.**—The second undress Philharmonic Concert took place last Monday, on which occasion Beethoven’s Pastoral Symphony was played. The band was under the direction of M. Herrman.

**CONCERT HALL, LORD NELSON STREET.**—A concert was given on Tuesday week last, at which, selections from the Opera of *Matilda* formed the principal feature of the bill of fare.



Miss Whitnall sung with great success. Messrs. Dodd and Hornby also acquitted themselves well. Mr. C. F. Smith performed, in a surprising manner, the overture to *William Tell*, on the Melodium; and the inimitable John Parry finished the concert with the "Accomplished Young Lady." The room was crowded on the occasion.—*Albion*.

**ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.**—The 109th anniversary festival of this institution was celebrated last Monday, at the Freemasons' Tavern, when about 170 persons sat down to dinner. General Lord Saltoun was in the chair. After the dinner, which passed off with sufficient hilarity, "Non nobis Domine," was sung by all the vocal professionals present in first-rate style. Then followed a succession of toasts, commencing with Her Majesty and Prince Albert, and the customary routine of loyal ovations, and ending with the society and its patrons, &c. These were interspersed with vocal and instrumental music, in the interpretation of which Miss M. Williams, Mr. Braham, Mr. T. Cooke, Signor Emiliani, Mr. Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Horsley, Mr. W. L. Phillips, and Mr. W. H. Holmes lent their assistance. The names of Miss M. B. Hawes, Miss Rainforth, and Signor F. Lablache, were also in the list, but these popular vocalists had not appeared at the moment of our departure. Mr. Braham was received with cheers and acclamations that lasted for several minutes, and all the music was listened to with marked attention, and received with high favour. There were several speeches, among which those of the president of the day, Lord Saltoun, in answer to his health being proposed, and that of Mr. Horsley, recording the financial progress of the society, were heard with most interest. Mr. Horsley dilated on the benefits resulting from the society with much effect, producing instances of the relief that had been granted from the funds, but judiciously suppressing the names of the individuals. His appeal to the consideration and patronage of the public was enforced by the irresistible argument that, without extraneous assistance, the means of the society would be confined within such narrow limits that scarcely any important good could be accomplished. In the list of annual subscriptions Mr. Horsley enumerated the following among others:—Her Majesty the Queen, 12 subscriptions; the Queen Dowager 10 subscriptions; Madame Grisi and Signor Mario, an annual bequest of 10 guineas each; Mr. Goodall, ditto. Also the following donations:—His Majesty the King of Hanover £25; His Royal Highness Prince Albert £25; Lord Saltoun, £10; the Director of the Musical Union, £10; Mr. J. Walker, 10 guineas; Mr. W. Curling, £5; Sir A. Barnard, 5 guineas; Mr. R. Palmer, 5 guineas; Signor Frederic Lablache, (second donation), 5 guineas; Messrs. Addison and Hodson, £5; and Messrs. Broadwood, £100, the tenth donation from that liberal establishment. The committee of management for the evening, and Mr. Parry, the worthy hon. treasurer, were untiring in their exertions to insure the comfort and accommodation of the visitors.—*Times*.

**MR. BINFIELD'S LECTURE ON CHANTING.**—The gratuitous lecture advertised in our last number, was delivered on Thursday evening by Mr. Binfield to a highly respectable audience. The lecturer commenced by noticing the past and present state of this important portion of the church service; showing, by reference to the most ancient authorities, that chanting had been the universal practice, both before and since the Christian era. He attributed the present state of church music to the depraved taste of the time—which rejected those simple and expressive forms of melody which had for ages been used as the fit expression of devout feelings, and had substituted a worldly and sensual style, altogether unsuited to divine worship. From this he proceeded to demonstrate the beauty, simplicity, and purity of the ancient system; of which the Gregorian Tones are the finest examples we yet possess. These are remarkably adapted to the congregational parts of the church service, being within the compass of every voice, and extremely easy of acquisition. The universal practice of conducting religious worship in a

particular musical tone, and not by reading, as is now the case, was stated to have been irrefutably proved by learned authorities of every age. Having thus disposed of the objection to chanting as an innovation, and advocated its dignity, utility, and beauty; the lecturer proceeded to show how the modern practice might be reformed and improved by the introduction of the Gregorian tones. The extreme anxiety of Archbp. Cranmer and other great reformers to preserve the musical service in its purity was then noticed, adapting it to the English prayer book, and employing Marbecke and Tallis, the first musicians of the day, thereon. In fine he demonstrated clearly that the use of the monotone, in reciting the prayers, and the musical responses in the peculiar intonations adopted by the church, are in the strictest accordance with her laws, and with the intentions of the reformers. The inconvenience of a confused mass of inharmonious sounds, and its irreverent appearance, were also ably noticed, and contrasted with the sublime effect of a whole congregation joining as in one mighty unison, raising their voices to heaven. Having defined the scientific character of church music, Mr. Binfield concluded by strenuously contending for a return to the ancient method of chanting, which, if persevered in, would delight and satisfy us in its results. He did not wish to banish the more elaborate harmonies of anthem or psalm, but to furnish the choir with allies from the congregation, and to raise the standard of musical taste. But the clergy must take the lead in this department, and instruct the laity by their example; not as a mere effort to produce an agreeable musical result, but from higher motives of duty; having well weighed the cost and the labour, the unceasing anxiety, and the perseverance necessary to carry on such a work. The lecturer concluded amidst the well-deserved applause of the audience.—*Berkshire Chronicle*.

## REVIEWS.

*The Italian Captain; a Drama, in Five Acts.*  
Ebers and Co., Old Bond-street.

If this anonymous performance is the work of a young man, there is so much of a healthy tone about it, that it must be received as a work of promise. Although it may not be said to meet the usages of the stage completely, yet are its faults more referable to the want of familiarity with dramatic exigencies, than to the author's native insufficiency to meet them. The errors are on the right side. The failures are never those of bad taste. The language may be frequently tame, but it is never affected. Indeed, we are fast escaping from the transposition school of blank verse; in which it is taken for granted that our ancestors latinized the language by complexity, although we know their usage of the tongue was more simple and true than our own. The fundamental error of its construction is its too frequent reminders of the plays of our great dramatist. The scene is laid in Venice, at the time of the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. of France. The author has chosen to invest Francesco Gonzago, Marquis of Mantua, with the title of Captain of the Venetian Forces, although he was then generalissimo of the Church, and was, in truth, shortly after taken prisoner and kept some time in captivity by the Venetian State, to whom he was in general in opposition. There are many other discrepancies in the story, which, we suppose, are to be defended under the colour of poetical license.

Francesco has returned from battle and defeat—a rather ungraceful introduction for a hero; but he appears to be not the less popular among the people; which is, to them, the paying of no slight compliment. Among the witnesses of his entry is *Isabella*, the cousin of *Lady Beatrice*, who is the betrothed of the general. Among the crowd is, also, one *Occo*, a soldier of Venice, who had received some cause of discontent from *Gonzago*, and was vowed to be revenged. This cause is never stated. *Isabella* asks him some question, which he interprets into an amatory advance; and

learning her family connection with *Gonzago's* intended bride, has her followed to her home, and conveys to her a letter. The circumstance inspires her with the determination of using *Occo* as an instrument for breaking off the marriage between the general and *Beatrice*:—

*Isab.* Impertinent! Audacious! Let me see:  
"On matters of great import to yourself,  
Which some few moments will explain." Indeed!  
And still I hold the paper! Have not crushed it!  
And will not! Might I use him for a snare,  
And not involve myself, the minutes spent  
In his base company would be repaid  
With years of happiness. I'll think of it.

There is, in the service of *Beatrice* a young page, a foundling, that has been in the family from his infancy; and he is selected as the object of *Gonzago's* jealousy. He is introduced to us in the following dialogue between the cousins:—

*Bea.* Still flying from discourse, my truant cousin!  
And to the casement, too! Methinks, indeed,  
It must be you that have been long betrothed  
(Though otherwise I dreamed) to Lord Francisco!

*Isab.* In love's name, why?

*Bea.* You seem so anxious, coz,  
To catch the earliest glance of greeting from him.

*Isab.* Now you are fair to jest; you, *Beatrice*,  
That have been ever dull these three long months!—  
I think you called them long.

*Bea.* Nay, did I not?

It scarcely seems a day, since, on this spot,  
He bade me be of cheer, and look to find him,  
On his return, more worthy of my love.  
With swimming eyes I watched him as I went,  
His high plume waving to unnumbered scarves,  
That wafted hearty wishes.—*Isabella!*  
She stands upon the terrace, leaving me  
To talk to vacancy.

*Isab.* I see him now!  
Not not Francesco,—not the noble Captain,  
But your fair page.

*Bea.* Giovanni, is he here?

Then he has seen him, and returns to tell  
Of his appearance, and immediate coming.

*Isab.* Think you it right, dear *Beatrice*, to allow  
So fine a youth grow up to man's estate,  
Intelligent and noble; yet retain  
His service as my lady's Mercury?

*Bea.* O, coz, he loves it! Now he knows me best,  
And is more useful, than when first, a boy,  
I took him to become my pretty doll  
And cheer the tedious hours of others' absence.

The First Act ends with an interview between *Gonzago* and *Beatrice*, concluding with the captain's remark of the appearance of *Giovanni*:—

A tale, brave youth! Why had you been ennobled  
When I returned but lately to the war,  
'Ere this you had been mounted, lifting up  
The banners of the State. But I remember,  
My lady cannot spare you. Come dear heart!  
The hours must be well measured ere we part.

The Second Act commences with a soliloquy of *Giovanni*, in which he informs us of his passion for *Bianca*, the daughter of *Donato*, a senator, and laments his own position:—

A foundling! homeless, friendless:  
Unclaimed by father; unbeloved, uncherished,  
By the sweet, sacred fondness of a mother;—  
To sisters and to brothers' love unknown;  
Abandoned early; taken by strange hands,  
And fostered with a kindness foreign to  
All hearts but those of angels.

In the following scene, between *Isabella* and *Occo*, we learned that the latter has sought and obtained a reconciliation with *Gonzago*, and has wound himself into his confidence, the more readily to influence his mind for the purpose agreed upon; and in the scene immediately following, we have so much attempt at resemblance with that between *Othello* and *Iago*, that we cannot lose memory of the one while reading the other:—

*Gonzago.* I must seek  
The *Lady Beatrice*. She may be found  
Within the terrace chamber.

*Isab.* And alone?

*Gon.* Now, it may be.

*Isab.* Not when you saw her?

*Gon.* No.

*Isab.* Who sat with her?

*Gon.* One who sat close to her.

*Isab.* Her cousin *Isabella*?

*Gon.* Nay, my lord,

The glimpse I had,—for it was but a glimpse  
From the high walk,—showed me his male attire;

It was her page.

*Isab.* Her favourite, young *Giovanni*.

*Gon.* A handsome featured youth.

*Isab.* Of such behaviour,  
We deem him, sir, the paragon of boys.

*Occo.* A boy, my lord?  
*Gon.* No more a boy in years,  
 But claiming the respect of manhood, by  
 A spirit much matured, and manly growth.  
*Occo.* You may have known him long.  
*Gon.* His mistress has  
 She promised me, one day, in autumn last,  
 The story of this meeting, telling me,  
 It savoured of romance. But I forget:  
 The time is passing on. Be ready shortly. (*Going.*)  
*Occo.* I thought them long acquainted.  
*Gon.* Who, sir? Oh!  
 My lady and Giovanni—many years!  
 But wherefore do you ask? What made you think it?  
 You were not so instructed; and, in sooth,  
 A glimpse could not convince you.  
*Occo.* Sometimes 'twill.  
 I can discern relationship in brothers  
 From their familiar intercourse.  
*Gon.* Indeed!

The seeds of mistrust sown in the mind of *Gonzago* by this conversation, receive nourishment from witnessing some indication of the gratitude of *Giovanni* to *Beatrice*, for her protection, and then we find it commencing to blossom in the soliloquy that follows—

Oh, pattern of a fool! to risk thy peace  
 Upon the wavering fantasies of mind,  
 Whose agitated breath is not the same.  
 One moment, and the next! The thought is foul—  
 But sometimes horrors will engage the thoughts  
 When they are more quiet. I have known  
 The murder of near kin to haunt the mind,  
 Like the cold whisper of some tempting demon,  
 Till the suggestion made the hair rise up,  
 The hand being unwithheld. Yet when he saw them  
 'His very stranger saw them,—he perceived  
 The acquaintanceship of years! The soft caress!  
 The interchange (it may be) of endearments  
 That I alone should claim, yet never dared!

The evidence of wrong is then confirmed to him, by finding *Giovanni* in possession of a flower he had himself sent to *Beatrice*, and his grief suggests abandonment of the world—

My helm is on the table; its gay plumes,  
 Drooping e'en now, shall never wave again  
 To the proud tossing of a conqueror's head!  
 Here is my sword; by Venice never yet  
 Unbuckled in broad day. Lie passive now.  
 I throw you by, vain buckler, unregretful.  
 I was a not your hardness to repel!  
 The heaven-directed blow, though sent in victory,  
 So many shafts denied an entrance here,  
 When now I miss their friendship! Death so sudden,  
 And honourable death,—exchanged for this  
 Decay of life and honour.

The resemblance between the intention of this passage, and the mood in which it is delivered with the celebrated—

O now, for ever  
 Farewell the tranquil mind, &c.

of *Othello*, would have warranted more pains and polish in the language, which is hardly a fair average of the rest of the diction.

The Third Act commenced with a scene in which one *Petroni*, a senator, is made the tool of *Occo*. He is persuaded to accuse *Gonzago*, to the senate, of treason against Venice, promising to be prepared with proofs to support him. *Giovanni*, the page, while apparently asleep upon a couch, overhears the conversation, as also *Occo's* remarks to himself after the other has left—

Established or refuted, it shall serve:  
 For slander, having blown upon a name  
 Its venomous contagion, not the breath  
 Of a compassionate and extolling world  
 Can take the blighting odour quite away.  
 (*Perceives Giovanni.*)  
*Giovanni* here!—sir! Sirrah! Slave! He sleeps  
 And therefore does my secret. Ho, Giovanni!  
 Thy lady waits for thee! Arouse thee! hence  
 To Lady *Beatrice*.

*Isabella* now repents of the mischief she has assisted to occasion, and appeals to *Occo* to desist.

*Occo.* Can it be  
 The noble Lady Urban? whose great wrongs  
 I thought should clamour, with unceasing power,  
 Till perfectly requited.

*Isab.* And they are.  
 My cousin (whose most happy love is stab'd)  
 By this inhuman plot already ventures  
 Upon a fearful guess of coming sorrow  
 That may not be avoided; and so moved  
 To ascertain its nature, she appears,  
 And with such tearless, keen, and fever'd eyes,  
 Looks in my face intently, and said,  
 Craving the cause of that estrangement, found  
 So lately in Francisco, that in vain,  
 Have I possessed myself of angry thoughts

To shield my woman's heart from kindred pity;  
 And I am now content that she should be  
 What I may never come to.

About this part of the play interest begins to flag. There occurs scenes which should have been before, or not at all. *Gonzago* reproaches *Occo* with having caused his misery and for having spread his shame among the soldiery. They are interrupted from fighting by a soldier, who reports the death of some one that had been slain by *Occo* in defence of *Gonzago's* reputation. This restores him to the general's confidence; and, in the scene following, *Gonzago* reproaches *Beatrice* with her falsehood, and bids her farewell. She demands an explanation.

*Gon.* Lady *Beatrice*, hear me:  
 'Tis you that should inform my ignorance  
 As to this most unnatural injury,  
 By which I am your victim. That I seek not.  
 God has, by your means, visited me with sorrow:  
 Sufficient is the stroke—oh, let it pass.  
 You were desired to meet me in this chamber,  
 That I might tell you, we are henceforth twain,  
 Heart, person, fortune, destiny divided!  
 If in this sad leave-taking, being driven  
 Beyond my proper self, and, as it were,  
 Uttering upon the rack pain prompted words,  
 I have said more than man to woman should,  
 I ask the grace of pardon! Would to God  
 Thy great offence did not outrun forgiveness.

*Beatrice* in parting blesses him.

*Beat.* Oh, farewell!  
 You cannot breathe a curse, and shall not bless me!  
 One moment—stay one moment. Whoso'er  
 Thy blessed feet shall wander, may there spring  
 New coming joys, to make the past forgotten!  
 New thronging friends, more faithful than the last!  
 New hopes; new aspirations; new desires;  
 To be rewarded with most dear delights,  
 Unthought of even in dreams! May great ambition,  
 Directed by great virtue, lead thee on  
 To be the best of Venice, as thou art  
 The centre of her hopes! And finally,  
 May thy heart find a worthier resting place,  
 Though not a warmer welcome, in some breast  
 Devoted to thy joy, and fill'd with thee!

*Giovanni* is now employed in preventing the designs of *Occo* with the senate, although as yet unknowing of the contrived mischief of which he has been made the principal instrument; and the accusation made against *Gonzago* by *Petroni* is met by the charge of conspiracy. The Third Act closes with the determination of the senate to inquire into proofs on both sides.

The Fourth Act opens with a description by *Gonzago* of his attempt to kill *Giovanni*, when he was stayed by a resemblance, he fancied, to his infant brother. *Occo* combats this as mere imagination, and urges him to the deed. This excites the suspicion of *Gonzago*, who is vacillating in his belief of *Beatrice's* falsehood. He determines on expatriation, and *Occo* offers to accompany him.

*Gon.* Thou! thou attend me!  
 May the great God, whose empire is all space,  
 To one extremity of his domain  
 Banish thy hated form, and chain it there:  
 And to the distant and opposing verge  
 Carry this wretched being!  
*Occo.* We meet no more for ever.  
*Gon.* Well! He's gone:  
 I have suspected, and it comes again  
 More strongly on my mind, that he is not  
 So honest as protesting.

Was it kind  
 To tell me of that base and cruel wrong,  
 Which half consisted in the knowledge of it?

This is no doubt suggested by—

"He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen, &c."

but the thought is not so apposite to the state of parties before marriage. *Gonzago* makes another attempt to kill *Giovanni*, but again refrains, and now the youth boldly defends himself, and convinces *Gonzago* of the injustice of his suspicion. He dispatches *Giovanni* with a letter soliciting forgiveness from *Beatrice*. In his way he meets with *Occo* offering violence to *Isabella*. There is here a combat, while the lady escapes, concluding to the advantage of *Occo*. This scene is not well managed, and would not tell in acting.

The Fourth Act closes with *Giovanni's* arrival in the presence of *Beatrice*, and delivery of the letter.

The Fifth Act commences without interest, all is known, and there is but a confusion of exits and entrances. *Gonzago* returns from the wars

in triumph. *Giovanni* is proved to be his brother. *Occo* is killed by *Petroni* in combat. All these things are told pleasingly; but they are all known or expected, and come upon us like a twice-related tale. There is a pleasantness of diction that never offends throughout the work; but there is also a tameness that often disappoints, when occasion demands more fire. We could not, in reading it, get rid of the notion that it is the work of a female brain. And the last speech or tag to the play, put most unaccountably into the mouth of an old senator, seems to us to confirm the truth of that opinion.

Man's love is not so wonderful as woman's!  
 He, with an ardour not to be restrained,  
 Pours forth the riches of a noble heart  
 In passionate excess; yet, in the pause  
 That lies between the seasons of his power,  
 High duties and pursuit of honoured name,  
 May win him to a short forgetfulness.  
 Her passion is not such! The breath she breathes  
 Is not more certainly the life of life  
 Than her quick following thought, the life of love!  
 Her heart is in her hands, her eyes, her ears!  
 The light employ that occupies her hands  
 Assists her mind to even gentle thought!  
 Her eyes that every object seem to greet,  
 Look truly upon all—and each and all  
 Discourse most sweetly of her heart's dear idol!  
 Her ears take in all music, but to her  
 It has one burthen, and repeats one name!  
 No sorrow can suppress it or destroy  
 This woman's love. But, like a storm at night,  
 Or gem discovered in the womb of darkness,  
 It shows most beautiful in nature's gloom,  
 And sanctifies the solemn hall of death.

II.

*The Life and Adventures of Zamba, an African Negro King, and his experience of Slavery in South Carolina.* WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS book is altogether a very interesting production, not only from the subject and the peculiarity of the authorship but from the manner of the narrative. There is no attempt to harrow, and, if we may say it, disgust the feelings by minute details of revolting cruelties. The Negro King while advocating warmly and conscientiously the freedom of his countrymen and their consequent exemption from the bad treatment so many receive, yet, in his own person, with the exception of the first stroke of misery, his actual sale as a slave, produces no cause of complaint. His period of captivity was, perhaps, on the whole happier than that of his freedom and dominion in his own country, but we cannot forget that this was entirely owing to the character of the man who owned him as master, to whose kindness, and integrity he was indebted that his own want of freedom was amply compensated. Zamba, however, felt and knew that slavery, to the majority of his unfortunate brethren, was not what he had found it to be.—To him, through circumstances, it had been a condition of comfort, nay, of actual happiness; and to domestic slaves it is, perhaps, not altogether an unhappy life; but to the class of field slaves the condition is one of unmitigated misery. This work has been put forth with the hope of extending the sympathy which has been shown in England for the African race, now in bondage in America. The spirit of freedom once roused would compel submission to its dictates, and for this purpose Zamba knew not where to turn but the mother country. The appeal comes, therefore, strongly, from one who has known and felt some of the evils of slavery, and who, through his own diligence and zeal for learning, was enabled to give in simple but forcible language the full current of his thoughts.

There seems to us, however, to be one drawback to the work. We gather from the editor's (*M. Neilson's*) preface, and also from that of the author himself, the negro prince, that he received considerable assistance in writing his biography from both white and coloured friends; and the editor also avows that his duties have not been confined to mere verbal corrections. Yet, he says, that he agreed with the publishers "in wishing that the statements of this poor African had been written throughout in his own phraseology." This then is the only want felt; but, notwithstanding,



taking it as it is, the work is a very interesting production.

The book may be divided into three parts: the first of these containing the birth, parentage, and early period of Zamba's life; carrying us to the sixth chapter. From that point, when he is sold as a slave, to the end of the fourteenth, comprises his experience of slavery in South Carolina. The fifteenth and last chapter is taken up with a plan for the extinction of negro slavery in the United States, and an appeal to the British nation. According to this account, Zamba was born in 1780, in a small village situated on the south bank of the river Congo. His father, Zembola, was the king of a small district, a renowned warrior, who was in the habit occasionally of making war on his neighbours, for the purpose of gaining prisoners, who were sold as slaves to the captains of vessels frequenting those parts. Before entering on these expeditions he, in general, harangued his brave army; and the following specimen is given of the kind of negro English of which the speech was composed.

"My brave boys hear me! I is great, powerful king—who is bigger than me? Sun look down on me; call me broder. Moon she do shine. Kiss my hand. You all brave boys, cause you my men. We go out fight de Moolah tribe. We all lion—great roar! Moolah men, dey all sleep. Poor Picanniny, dey run away when see king Zembola. We chase dem—smite, slay, kill—one, two, tree hundred—send all to Jumbo (hell). Burn village, take prisoner,—fifty, sixty, black rascal. Keep dem in Zembola castle. Buckra Captain come soon, buy slave. We get knife, musket, powder, ball, rum, rum. Huzza! Huzza for king Zembola and his brave boys."

This worthy, who was not a bad hearted man in his way, but merely acted up to the notions he had been bred in, was killed in one of these marauding excursions, and Zamba reigned in his stead. Zamba was, however, a different person; he was thoughtful and inquisitive, and had learnt a little English from one Winton, captain of a slave, who made periodical visits to this part of the country, and, being seized with the desire to visit other countries, particularly England, the wily captain induced him on one occasion to embark with him. Zamba was treated well on the voyage, but on arriving at Charlestown, in South Carolina, Winton sold him as a slave. He fortunately fell into the hands of a very kind master, who is called Mr. Naylor, by whom he was employed as a servant. In Mr. Naylor's service there was a young Scotchman, a pious man, who took an interest in Zamba, and bestowed much time in educating the anxious minded negro, and instilling religious ideas, which were strongly retained. Zamba on the whole was happy, but could not blind himself to the cruel treatment his fellow countrymen received. We will not, however, dwell on the dark side. The subject has been often dwelt on, and the mere recital can be of no avail. Slavery has, however, its ludicrous points: the negro character is an odd compound, and humorous scenes sometimes occur, even when the poor negro is actually undergoing the operation of being put up for sale. Naylor was an auctioneer, and was commissioned to sell a vessel and black crew. We must, however, let Zamba tell the tale.

"My master had orders to sell a schooner and her crew, and, accompanied by Mr. Thomson (the young Scotchman), and myself, he proceeded to the wharf on the day of sale. After a number of intending purchasers had collected on the schooner's deck and on the wharf, Mr. Naylor read out the particulars of sale, viz., 'The schooner, Susannah, with all her apparel and appurtenances, sixty-five tons register, three years old, a regular trader to George Town, and carries a large cargo to her tonnage. Conditions on approved indorsed note, at ninety days, with security on the vessel.' Well, the vessel was knocked down at 2,250 dollars to a Mr. Lawson. Mr. Naylor then read on: 'Pompey, a Padron, a black man aged twenty-eight, a prime negro.' Here Mr. Naylor was interrupted by Pompey, who stood close beside him on the quarter deck, rigged out in his best; and really he was a handsome a fellow as any in Carolina.—Pompey

then bowed to Mr. Naylor and said, 'Mr. Naylor, if it be quite agreeable to your feelings, I will thank you to call me captain, specially when you observe, sar, that my crew are present. I always wish to have good example before my crew.' And here Pompey drew himself up with much state and gravity, with his arms folded across his chest. Mr. Naylor who was, in reality, an affable man at all times, smiled—indeed, Pompey's speech excited a smile on the countenance of all present—and said, 'Oh, very well, by all means, Captain Pompey. I really made a mistake. Well, a prime negro, named Pompey, captain of the said schooner, Susannah, twenty-eight years old, sound, sober, honest, well acquainted with the George Town and Savannah trade, and also with the turtle fishing on the Florida banks. Who bids for Captain Pompey? He will be a great acquisition to any one, especially to the owner of the same schooner. Is five hundred dollars bid?'

"Yes," said a would-be purchaser.

"Six hundred dollars I hear. Seven hundred dollars; thank you, Mr. Turner. Eight hundred dollars. Nine hundred dollars. One thousand dollars for Captain Pompey. Go on, gentlemen, you ain't half-way yet. Captain Pompey is worth two thousand dollars, if he's worth a cent."

"When the thousand dollars were bid, I had my eye on Pompey, and being pretty well acquainted with him, felt much interested; and it was curious here to see the workings of human nature; at a thousand dollars, Pompey held his chin at least three inches higher, and his jet black eyes actually flashed with excitement. 'However, to go on, eleven hundred dollars were bid. Twelve hundred dollars do I hear?' said Mr. Naylor. 'Thirteen hundred dollars, is that all that is bid for Captain Pompey, the prime hand in all the coasting trade? It is actually throwing him away.'

"Not so fast, Mr. Naylor, if you please," said Pompey, again interrupting; 'whether you throw me away or not, you are aware, sar, that I shall not leave the Susannah away, nor myself either, if I can help it.'

"Well done, Captain Pompey," said a bidder; 'fifty dollars more for that, my lad.'

"Mr. Lawson, who had purchased the vessel, seemed considerably uneasy now; at once he said, 'fifteen hundred dollars, Mr. Naylor, and that is my last bid.'

"Fifteen hundred, fifteen hundred; does nobody say more than fifteen—fifteen—fifteen hundred dollars; going, going, gone! It is a high price, Mr. Lawson, but still you have a bargain, considering Captain Pompey's character and ability."

The last chapter, as we have said, is taken up with a plan for the extinction of slavery, and an appeal to the British nation. The plan proposed is a compulsory poll-tax on every coloured person in America, whether bond or free, at the rate of three dollars a head; the full redemption would take place in thirty years. We care not to enter upon the subject, but thereby say, that the calculations seem fairly made. We will extract, however, Zamba's appeal to our nation.

"I shall wait with patience, but with anxiety, to learn what effect, if any, these pages may produce on the minds of men in Britain; and if I should succeed in exciting a fresh interest in our behalf among the free sons of England, there is little doubt but that a similar feeling will, in time, extend to this side of this Atlantic. Perhaps some member of Congress may be induced to deliberate upon, and investigate the question of slavery in all its bearings, and finally set on foot some agitation among his friends, to inquire whether, or not, Congress may not have been too rash in prohibiting the reception of any petition in behalf of slaves. Behold how great a flame a little fire kindleth! So let it be hoped that Zamba's humble volume may yet advance the cause which he pleads."

The episode of Zamba's meeting with, and saving of Zillah, who afterwards became his wife; their separation when he was sold as a slave, and

subsequent meeting in the slave-market at Charlestown, is quite a romance, and adds much to the interest of the story. The book is well worthy perusal. It contains a plain, unvarnished tale, artless, and unaffected; it carries conviction of its truth from its very simplicity. We can only add our wish to that of its author, that it may yet advance the cause he pleads.

*Hogg's Weekly Instructor.* James Hogg, Nicholson-street, Edinburgh.

THE April number of this periodical ably carries out its intention. It embraces nearly every subject, politics, statistics, arts, sciences, &c., &c., interspersed with poetry, and miscellaneous scraps. A want has been created for this description of work; and demand has consequently increased production. This weekly periodical is one of many in the class, and must, of course, rely on its own substantial merits for support. This number is embellished with a portrait of Thomas Moore.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**MADAME TUSSAULT'S EXHIBITION.**—We are at a loss to describe a sight that has so often received public notice. On entering the Great Room, the eye is dazzled with the richness of the ornamental decoration; on glancing at the figures, the splendour of the dresses rivets attention; and an interest attaches to them from the fact that, in many instances, they are the dresses that have actually been worn by the persons represented. In the second room, is the carriage of Napoleon, which was taken at Waterloo, together with other relics. The walls are covered with prints of the principal events of his career. Above this is the Chamber of Horrors. There is also the small room, or Golden Chamber, filled with relics of the Emperor Napoleon. He himself is represented lying in state on the camp-bed used by him at St. Helena; with many other curiosities, which have peculiar interest from their having been in his possession. The exhibition is, indeed, well worth seeing.

**THE THOUSAND POUND PRIZE.**—The artists have chosen the ten *least worst* of the pictures. They have now to select the five best; it remaining with the giver of the prize, it appears, to choose the fortunate competitor. There is much to doubt in this arrangement. The responsibility, such as it is, should be delegated to persons in whom the public have some confidence. We believe the giver of the prize possesses about the same fitness for judging of a work of high art as a Spanish cow. There is far too wide a margin for contrivance in this arrangement for any party to be satisfied. It seems like a penalty of a thousand pounds, with liberty to speak to the plaintiff. We do not accuse anybody; but the surest means for avoiding suspicion is to place yourself in a position in which fraud is an impossibility. We shall see what we shall see!

**THE ART UNION OF LONDON.**—The annual meeting will take place on Tuesday next, as usual, in Drury Lane Theatre. The amount of subscriptions is said to exceed that of last year.

**A PATIENT CREDITOR.**—When a popular comedian, famous for acting Sir Francis Gripe (off, as well as on, the stage), was asked, in consequence of a run of ill luck, to wait a little for his salary (which was £60 a week), he coolly took a chair, and replied, "Certainly! I'll wait till it's paid."

**GLASS DEVOTED TO A NEW PURPOSE.**—Glass of a rich ruby colour, has been used instead of the old ebony for the sharp or flat keys of the organ of All-Saints, Northampton. The *Bedford Times* suggests that the idea may be happily applied to the whole key board of the pianoforte with a tasteful diversity or iridescence of colours.

Mr. Creswick will join the Haymarket company at the commencement of next season, to open with Miss H. Faucet.

The Keelys will secede from the Lyceum arrangements are already made for its re-opening under another management.

**SALE OF MR. MORANT'S PICTURES AND DRAWINGS.**—The collection of pictures, drawings, prints, &c., of the late Mr. Morant, the decorator, has just passed under the hammer of Messrs. Christie and Manson. The lots were numerous, but there was little that was good. *A Wood Scene with a Road and River*, by Starke, sold for £21; the *South Porch of Rouen Cathedral*, by D. Roberts, brought £26; *Interior of a Stable*, by J. Ward, R.A., sold for £37 16s.; a *Coast Scene* by W. Collins, R.A., brought £182 14s.; and a *Portrait of Mrs. Siddons*, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, £53 11s. The so-called old masters were very poor, nor were the drawings much better. One good work, *Ludlow Castle and Bridge*, by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., was sold to Mr. Broderip, for £74 11s. This was an exquisite early work, full of poetic beauty, and finely treated. The original coloured drawing of *The Fitch of Bacon*, by Wright, was sold at the same sale for £27 6s. Mr. Morant, it is said, was a person of taste in the fine arts, but the works he had brought about him were very far from justifying the reputation he obtained.

**ARRIVAL OF MRS. JENNY LIND.**—Jenny Lind arrived in London on Saturday evening, and was present at the performance of the opera in Her Majesty's Theatre. She reached town late in the day, Mr. Lumley having preceded her by some hours in the journey. The Swedish nightingale is a lady of kindly countenance, fair hair, and fresh complexion; her eyes are soft and mild, and the expression of her face is intelligent and ingenious. It is believed that she will make her appearance in about a fortnight.

A grand exhibition of works of the fine arts is to be opened at Amsterdam, on the 3rd of May. Foreign artists will be allowed to exhibit.

**GIBSON'S STATUE OF THE QUEEN.**—This statue has been recently exhibited in Gibson's workshop at Rome. The artist has given the robe a narrow border of pink and blue, a novelty about which the artists in Rome are divided in opinion. The work is considered fine, for the attitude is easy and graceful, the drapery well arranged and executed, and the likeness good.

**CONCERTS NEXT WEEK.**—Monday 4th, Philharmonic Concert. Wilson's Entertainment.

Tuesday, Musical Union.

Saturday, May 1st, Royal Academy of Music Second Concert.

Birmingham, on Tuesday, Mendelssohn's "Elijah" will be performed in the town hall, conducted by the composer himself. Vocalists, Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Lockey, Bradbury, and Phillips.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—Proprietor, Mr. LUMLEY.—The Nobility, Gentry, Subscribers to the Opera, and the Public, are respectfully informed, that there will be a Grand Extra Night, on Thursday next, April 29th, when will be presented Bellini's celebrated Opera, entitled *I PURITANI*. *Elvira*, Mlle. Castellan; *Giorgio*, Sig. Lablache; *Arturo*, Sig. Gardoni; and *Riccardo*, Sig. Coletti. A DIVERTISSEMENT, comprising the talents of Mlle. Cerito, Rosati, Marie Taglioni, and Lucile Grahn; M. Perrot, M. St. Leon, and M. Paul Taglioni. After the Opera, the First Tableau of *LALLA ROOKH*. Mlle. Cerito, M. St. Leon, and M. Perrot. To conclude with the admired grand Ballet *CORALIA* (omitting the First Two Tableaux), comprising the Moonlight Scene, the Garden Scene, and the celebrated Aquatic Palace of the Ondines. *Coralia*, Mlle. Carolina Rosati; The Knight *Hildebrand*, M. Paul Taglioni.

**THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS**, for the relief of its distressed Members.

Patronesses.

Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

On Friday Evening, May 7th next, at the Hanover-square Rooms, will be performed for the benefit of this Charitable Institution, a GRAND CONCERT OF VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

London, Mr. T. Cooke, Conductor of the First Part, Mr. Bennett; Conductor of the Second Part, Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett.

J. W. HOLLAND, Sec.

18, Mansfield-street, Soho.

## SOCIETY OF ARTS.

**THE EXHIBITION OF SELECT SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH MANUFACTURES**, will CLOSE on the 30th inst.

TICKETS OF ADMISSION and Catalogues may be had of the Members of the Society, of the Exhibitors, and of the under-mentioned:—

Oxford Street: Mr. John Mortlock, No. 250; Mr. J. Phillips, No. 350.—Regent Street: Mr. White, No. 210.—Pall Mall: Messrs. Graves, No. 6; and Messrs. Colnaghi, No. 13.—New Bond Street: Mr. Pratt, No. 118.—Old Bond Street: Mr. J. Cundall, No. 12.—Piccadilly: Mr. W. Pickering, Bookseller, No. 177.—Strand: Mr. Milledge, No. 65; Messrs. Greensill, No. 148; Mr. J. Tennant, No. 140.—Fleet Street: Mr. George Bell, No. 80; Messrs. Grant & Griffiths, corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, Ludgate Street.

N.B. No Tickets can be had except by Members direct from the Society's House.

## THE ASSOCIATION TO PROMOTE THE

Free EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART, April 6th, 1847.—TO ARTISTS.—The Committee inform the Profession that the FIRST EXHIBITION of the Society will take place at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, early in May, and all applications for space for work intended to be exhibited, must be made before the 25th inst.; full particulars upon application to J. F. MARTIN.

58, Charlotte-street, Portland-place.

## DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY,

49, Great Marlborough-street.

ON WEDNESDAY, April 28th, Mr. Dwyer, V.P., will read the second portion of a paper, "ON THE SCENERY AND STAGE-DECORATIONS OF THEATRES." It will have reference to Design, Perspective, and Machinery for Scenery, Costume, and Stage-properties.

Visitors' Tickets may be obtained from E. C. LAUGHER, Hon. Sec.

17, Sussex-place, Kensington.

## SEND EIGHT POSTAGE STAMPS, and by

return, and post free, you will get a handsome Teaspoon of C. WATSON'S SOLID ALBATA PLATE, which is rapidly superseding Silver for all domestic uses, as it is equally sweet and handsome as silver itself. This is the only solid substitute now sold, and, unlike plated goods of any kind, there is nothing to wear off, so that the more you rub and clean it, the better it will continue to look, though it should be in daily use for fifty years. Don't be afraid to put it to any test, and then send your order. A full catalogue of prices, with patterns of every other article, will be enclosed with the Sample Spoon.—Address C. Watson, 41 and 42, Barbican, and 16, Norton-folgate, London.

## THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at the GALLERY, 58, PAUL-MALL, near St. James's Palace.

Admission, ONE SHILLING—Catalogue, SIXPENCE. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

## SIX NEW FIGURES—the BENEVOLENT

POPE PIUS IX., HENRY VII., JAMES I. of England, in the splendid costume of the period. The heroes, HARDINGE and GORDON, in their full uniforms, as British Generals. Mr. MACREADY, the eminent Tragedian, in the most splendid Roman costume ever seen in England.

Magnificent ventilating dome at a cost of £700. Open from Eleven till dusk, and from Seven till Ten. Admission One Shilling, Napoleon Rooms Sixpence. Madame Tussaud & Son's Bazaar, Baker Street, Portman Square.

"This is one of the best Exhibitions in the Metropolis."—The Times.

## CALIGRAPHIC BLACK LEAD PENCIL,

manufactured by E. WOLFF and SON, 23, Church Street, Spitalfields, London.

These Pencils are perfectly free from grit; and for richness of tone, depth of colour, delicacy of tint, and evenness of texture, they are not to be equalled by the best Cumberland Lead that can be obtained at the present time, and are infinitely superior to every other description of Pencil now in use.

The Caligraphic Pencils will also recommend themselves to all who use the Black Lead Pencil as an instrument of professional importance or recreation, by their being little more than half the price of other Pencils.

B.B.B. H.B.B. H.B. B. B.B. F. F.F. 4s. per dozen.  
B.B.B. - - - - - 8s. "  
B.B.B. - - - - - 12s. "

An allowance on every Gross purchased by artists or teachers.

May be had of all artists' colourmen, stationers, book-sellers, &c.

A single Pencil will be forwarded as a sample, upon the receipt of postage stamps to the amount.

CAUTION.—To prevent imposition, a highly-finished and embossed Protection Wrapper, difficult of imitation, is put round each dozen of Pencils. Each Pencil will be stamped on both sides, "Caligraphic Black Lead, E. Wolff and Son, London."

## NEW SYSTEM OF ARCHITECTURE

Founded on the Forms of Nature, and developing the Properties of Metals, by which a higher order of beauty, a larger amount of utility, and various advantages in economy, over the pre-existent Architectures may be practically attained;—presenting also the peculiar and important advantage of being commercial, its productions forming fitting objects for exportation.

By WILLIAM VOSE PICKETT.

Longman's: 1845.

"This is a bold and original book, and therefore deserves notice. . . . Whatever is founded on nature has truth for its basis, and the highest art is always that which nearest approaches the forms of nature. . . . Mr. Pickett establishes a *prima facie* case for consideration. . . ."—Critic, May 3, 1845.

"Mr. Pickett's is unquestionably a discovery, since while it points to an entirely original path, it solves the problem as to the capability of the advancement of architecture."—Popular Record, March 14, 1846.

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION, for Fire, Life, and Marine Assurances, Established by Royal Charter, 1730, Offices, 7, Royal Exchange, Cornhill, and 10, Regent Street.

THIS long established body has recently issued a new prospectus, embracing a variety of very eligible plans for Life Assurance, and which may be had by a written or personal application.

The expenses of managing the Life Department are defrayed by the Corporation, and not taken from the premium fund.

JOHN LAWRENCE, Secretary.

## GLOBE INSURANCE,

Pall Mall and Cornhill, London.

Edward Goldsmid, Esq., Chairman  
William Tite, Esq., F.R.S., Deputy-Chairman  
George Carr Glynn, Esq., Treasurer

Henry Alexander, Esq.

Jonathan Birch, Esq.

John S. Brownrigg, Esq., M.P.

Thomas Collier, Esq.

Boyce Combs, Esq.

Thomas M. Coombs, Esq.

James W. Freshfield, Esq.

F.R.S.

Sir L. L. Goldsmid, Bart.,

F.R.S.

Robert Hawthorn, Esq.

John Hodgson, Esq.

Richard Lambert Jones, Esq.

Robert Locke, Esq.

Boyd Miller, Esq.

Sheffield Neave, Esq.

Fowler Newsum, Esq.

William Phillimore, Esq.

W. H. C. Plowden, Esq.

John Poynder, Esq.

Robert Saunders, Esq.

Sir Walter Stirling, Bart.

W. Thompson, Esq., Ald. M.P.

Benjamin G. Windus, Esq.

Established 1803, for Fire and Life Insurance and Annuities, and the purchase of Reversions and Life Contingencies.

CAPITAL, ONE MILLION STERLING.

The whole paid up and invested, and entirely independent of the amount of premiums received.

Insurances may be effected on Single Lives, on Joint Lives, and on the contingency of one life surviving another.

Persons deriving Life Incomes from Church Preferment, Public Offices, and any other Civil or Military Employment, may, by appropriating a part of their income to provide the annual payment, alleviate the distress which their death would otherwise occasion to their family or friends.

Rates and conditions of Fire and Life Insurance, or other information, may be obtained at the offices in London, and of the Company's Agents in the Country.

(By order of the Board)

JOHN CHARLES DENHAM, Secretary.

## NEW HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—

MACKENZIE'S Portable Edition of THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, containing a faithful Summary of the Monarchy, Aristocracy, and People; with a Chronological List of Eminent and Learned Men, of the principal Memorable Events, Naval and Military Battles, Discoveries, Inventions, &c. Contemporary Sovereigns, &c. &c., with thirty-eight engravings. This Work is now published in Weekly Numbers, at One Penny, and Monthly Parts, at Fourpence.

Also Published by E. Mackenzie.

## MANUAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—A Second

Edition of the Practical MANUAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY, containing Full and Plain Directions for the Economical production of really good Daguerrotype Portraits and Pictures; the beautiful process of Colouring; the various improvements in Copying or Multiplying, Electrotyping, and Engraving the pictures, clearly explained. The injustice and validity of the Patent considered, with suggestions for rendering such Patent a virtual dead letter. Full instructions are also given in the following interesting processes, including Sir D. Brewster's late communication on the Talbotype:—Calotype, Chromatype, Catallistotype, Gaudinotype, Cyanotype, Chrysotype, and Fluorotype, with many corrections and improvements. Price 1s. 6d., or sent Post Free upon receipt of 2s. The encumbrances of the press on this work may be said to be universal.

London: Printed by WILLIAM WHITNEY GEARING, of No. 2, Stuart's Buildings, in the Parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, in the County of Middlesex, at 27, Parker-street; in the Parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, as aforesaid; and Published by J. J. DAVY, of 43, Paradise-street, Lambeth, at the Office of "THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL," 12, Wellington Street, North, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the Liberty of Westminster.